

Alexander Wright
opening

The background of the image is a dark, grainy texture, possibly representing a close-up of a surface or a natural scene like a rocky cliff. A prominent feature is a vertical white crack or crease that runs from the bottom right corner towards the top center. The lighting is dramatic, with the white of the crack standing out against the dark background.

Alexander Wright
opening

for Mum and Dad

The days of my youth

The days of my youth
lately seem like
different dreams,
all strung together
through the long
dark night of my soul.

To think there was a time
when I might never have awoken
from those happy dreams,
and might never have lived through
this fitful, restless,
dreamless night that never ends.

Memories

Memories
swarm inside my head
like the rough debris of time;
time, the ticking clock
which numbers human days
and adds them all
to zero.

Memories
are the ripples on the water
which we so easily create,
never knowing that life is hiding
right there,
beneath the surface.

The passing of time

The passing of time heals not.
Nor does the dawn
with its nascent glow
cure the sorrows
of the dead midnight hour.
As years pass
like the fragments of one night's dream
I find that invisible wounds
are left untouched
by the invisible might of time.

All I can feel,
as my life is hurried forth,
is the rip-tide of time
pulling me from shore.

I am changing

I am changing.

I change apart, away,
off in the distance where I don't belong;
under an old name
I feel new fears
and fresh joys,
down in the depths of myself.

I change without knowing why,
how, or in what way;
I change as do the dark and light,
intertwining and splitting
each to each,
day by day.

Grey

I watch myself change
like you watch the day turn
a pale grey,
and the crowds of people passing in
behind the heavy doors
now that the sun is gone.

These words,
this face in the glass
with hollow eyes;
my skin a crumbling disguise
as I assimilate and change
constantly inside.

Spectre

I am made of every moment
that lingers in the past;
all the minutiae of the everyday
insignificant events
which pile higher and higher
into the strange shape of a man.

A spectre of forgotten dust that looms
upon a pale horizon;
a ghostly shade
who flickers in the light
and vanishes into lengthening shadows.

I am a man.
These are my eyes,
these are my hands,
scribbling out messages
written in the sand
which shifts and cracks
and crumbles into nothing.

I see what I have become
like the morning sees the bastard night
retreating into its abyss.

My inner demons

My inner demons
run rampant in my dreams,
turning memories to dust
which crumbles
at the slightest touch.

My inner demons
lie waiting in the shadows
and hide in every smile
and within every word
of conversation.

My inner demons
are cruel and crafty kings
who prey upon my weakness
and break down my defences
when I am lonesome.

My inner demons
rule in the darkness of my heart,
and my inner angels burst apart
like soldiers made of glass
marching on the kingdom.

Drunk

Drunk on my own sense of
loneliness,
in an exponential silence
that grows and grows and -

Awake in this hour of the dead,
breathing the air
of fleeting midnight;
cold fingers clutch my throat
as time palpitates wildly.

Reverberating in the stillness,
a starting gun I missed
some time ago;
and here, now
I eat the dust
from the other's heels.

The room seems to shrink around me
until it's nothing but a tomb
and I devour silence
as the worms of regret
writhe between my bones.

Downward

I move downward
through the inferno circles
towards my purgatory of madness,
dreaming deep of paradise
lost, found beaten and abused
and raped on the other side
of what can be perceived.

The mind of man is bleak
and without the feminine beauty
which has always made me weak
as a worshipper, your gentle soul
my oasis in the ether of eternal
struggles with this turbulence of mind,
my inner demons always finding ways
to pull the blinds and shut me off.

Who can save the drowning
cripple cast overboard, heaving seas
slowly crushing who he was
while the ship sails far
down currents made for men
who cannot see the horizon
bleeding slowly, ink trails
flowing over rolling waves
and into the gaping mouth
of the drowned.

Who am I going to be
when all is said and done
and I have become death;
destroyer, magnificent overlord
of what we live our lives by.

Who will I be
when I am finished
and my story is set
in stone, my candle blown
and the room now cold and black.

Without hope

Without hope,
the sun is a bitter regret
at the back of my mind.
I am exhausted
and the dreams of youth
forgotten.

I feel
restless hands pull me back,
clawing at my skin,
pulling me down
into the deepest depths of shadow.
My shadows;
my Kingdom of Rain.

I feel
impossibly fragile,
desperately weak
as the strength of time
pulls me in.

Too weak to succeed
against so much sadness;
so much inevitable pain.

And now
all the sadness in the world
is mine.

It seems that after all the desperate effort,
I cannot live in the light;
the beautiful light
I have loved so deeply
for so long.

Tonight inside my chest
my heart is cold
and it is slowing.
Beat by beat,
moment by moment,
slowing

as the hands of the clock
grind to a halt.

This is the silence

This is the silence that breeds
in the dead midnight hour,
which aches in the abyss
of tomorrow's pestilence.

This is a darkness
that collapses upon itself,
perpetuating nothingness
while the shadows implode.

I have finally found
the kingdom that waits
at the bottom of eternity.
I have finally seen
the ancient face of death
leering at me
from the corner of my room.

This is the soul
in the final conflict of existence;
this is life on the edge
of the final abyss...

I write in turmoil
as the hands of the clock
bludgeon me to death.

If love can die

If love can die
I want to stand by its tomb
and know the true silence
of a broken heart.

Without proof
my tortured wretch of a heart
continues to struggle vainly
through each day,
as though love could come again.

Let me understand the death
of what it was to love you;
I need an idol to mourn
through these long cold nights
which pass without hope
of love's obsession.

The need for closure
will eat me alive,
as surely as the worms
will devour the flesh of our love
in some dark and distant
nightmarish crypt
whose key you've cast away.

We lit the fuse

We lit the fuse
and ran so hard we might have flown
through the streets that murmured our names.
Amidst the howling wind and towering flame
we chased time
and space
and youth
and life
and love.

Now I lie here still as stone
in a black room
as tears streak my face
and my eyes burst like dams.
I got
left
behind.

I wish you knew
that for me
those nights never ended.
When we were the only ones alive
and we chased down the time
we knew would come.
Well it was gone too soon
and I am finished.

This is the cold dawn,
the morning silence,
the debris scattered on the floor.
The walk to the shops,
the slow recollection,
the revisiting.

This is piecing together

the dreams we shared and threw away
in a glorious blaze of light that left us cold
and afraid
when it was over.

On those nights we ran so hard
I could have sworn
we flew.

In dreaming of you

In dreaming of you
the night is kept from coldness,
yet the sun is not permitted to shine;
only the everlasting light of your soul exists,
and the sound of my voice
as I whisper your name
endlessly
into the magical twilight
I've ceased to belong to.

Of all the dreams I ever had

Of all the dreams I ever had,
the dream of you and I
looms largest
and shines brightest
in the secret,
ever-feeling centre
of my mind.

I would trade anything in the world
just to understand
what it would feel like
to hold you in my arms
as I have imagined it
ten thousand times over
in dreams.

If only you understood
what my soul screams into the silence
that goes unbroken
night after night;
if only the weight of love
had never rested on my heart,
too weak to know you.

My heart

My heart
is that last lonely cloud
scuttling across the sky
before the sun comes out.

My heart
is the last ripple
slowly diminishing
as the water calms and is still again.

My heart
is the last finger of darkness
which, when drawn away,
does not return until the cold night comes
and the world returns to sleep once more.

My heart is wounded
and so tired
that it forgets to love.

The fire inside my heart

The fire inside my heart
is a disease with no contagion,
a shot without a warning,
an emissary with no message to convey.

I want without needing
and I feel without knowing why
as my heart burns with the flame
of a setting sky.

When darkness comes
I will slip into the night
where no one searches
with only my dreams to keep me warm.

Winter chill

Winter chill
and I wander lonesome
through the dawn of myself.
Where am I now
if not at the precipice of infinity
as the expanse of time
bows its head
and cowers at my feet.

I seek,
and with my hungry hands
I touch the tender earth,
the biting wind,
the flickering flame,
and there I feel soft flesh.
Tenderly caress
the immortality of being alone,
of being human;
this animal, primal,
sinful being,
searching always,
never finding.

Yet in my darkness I dream new dreams,
and the bones of my body uphold the earth.
I close my eyes,
and as I transcend
I travel through space
as the imagination of myself.

Every day I wake
woven in the fabric of time
and I am one with
everything.

Winter winds

Winter winds
and the heart is lonesome
without your love to guide it;
childhood memories
chasing their tail
through my dogmatic mind
and the frozen world in which
I find myself.

I miss you
as the night misses the sunlight
which fell upon the earth
like illuminated crystals
showing me my past,
present, and future
aligned and set ablaze
by your infinite azure eyes.

I want to be there
when you laugh again.
My arms are cold and open,
waiting for you
to bring the warmth
I still remember
on lonesome nights away from home.

You were my centre
and without you I am a lonely planet
revolving through a sunless sky,
lost and without purpose
as I drift away and wonder
if I'll ever get to say goodbye.

What is her name?

What is her name?
The woman in my dreams,
who smiles in the folds
of white sheets;
the mother of my children,
sitting by my side
as they play by tree-lined streets;
the soulmate,
the counterpoint I have
gone looking for.

So long I have been lonesome
for the touch of someone
who wanted more than just
a brief moment in my life.
Where are the women
who search as I search,
who want as I want
for the ultimate?

I wonder at her name
or whether she even exists,
for maybe I am just
a fool again.
I wonder why
I seek this love
so deeply,
swiftly,
irreversibly
soon.

I chose my children's names
when I was eight years old.
One girl,

one boy,
born in that order,
perfect in their way.
I picture them
and their mother lingers in the frame,
too blurry to make out,
too uncertain to be sure
of who she is.

She is a spectre,
haunting me,
taunting me from the ideal,
and she may never
come to be.
She may never know me,
love me,
or walk this earth
beside me.

I want her
as the day wants the night,
reclining in its inky assurance
of silence.
I want her
as lungs want air,
as trees want leaves,
as space wants stars,
as lips want lips want lips.

I kiss.

I kiss the air.

There's no one there.

What do you see?

What do you see
with eyes that pore over my skin
like TV screen video feeds
probing the drama within
or even lingering on flesh
and all the corners of my form
as I was born, as I have lived,
returning eventually to lie
down in the damp eternity of the death
I always thought I'd die.

What do you see
in my eyes, my smile,
my broken words between
the silences I speak with.
My secrets seep out
of my pores all of the day
and there's nothing I can do or say,
no way to keep my truths within
hidden. I've been living
under masks for far too long.

What do you see
when you study my face,
my skinny wrists and ankles
or the way I pull in at the waist;
they used to say that I looked like a girl.
My legs and arms and chest and neck
and back and backside, feet, hands
clasping fingers holding rosebud
lanterns in the night, and still I might
never know how I appear.
You made me feel handsome
while you were here.

What do you see
when you have met me
for a little while, brief moments
in an overlong song
I sing in drunken monosyllabic
grunts and protestations.
Eyes like trains
when they depart
their stations.

Study my hands, my face
for all its flaws.
What are the things
which you would change?
Would you rearrange me?
I want to know whether
you see inside, my life
of lies and simple truths
kept secret in the silent
cell of myself, as I rebel
against the way that people use me
for their own.

Could you adore me?
Could you learn to love
the light within my eyes?
As I have loved a dozen times
and still I miss you, and still I wish
that you were mine.
Whoever you are,
kind stranger on the horizon
shimmering before and above me,
pure as the rising sun
who may yet love me.

I need your love

I need your love
like the moon needs a night to brighten,
laying my head on your hand
as though bliss can be never-ending.
I need the red blossom of your lips
like a dying man in the desert
needs the water he stumbles to find.

You are my oasis
and I lie parched
and prostrate at your door.
My queen, ultimate kingdom
made of sinful, lustful
secret demands
I immediately obey.

As I worship at your altar,
thread your fingers through mine
and pull you closer,
our eyes connected
with that electric light of ecstasy
I want most to feel again.
You push yourself forward
until you feel the breath of me,
and I head toward your kingdom
as though it were my own,
arriving home within
towering walls built from your desire.

Your slender legs
caressing the back of my neck,
your hands on my head,
your hair falling in waves
so that I'm blinded.

You shudder and shake
and claw my skin to shreds
with fingernails painted black
and sharpened like small daggers
covered in burning wax.

This bed, a life raft
floating on a sea of dreams.
We do not swim,
we do not dive or sink
or touch the water once;
we float and fuck
and finally move beyond
mortal bodies to the infinite,
bold voyagers entwined
until the clocks stop keeping time.

There is nothing other than this
when I am whole again,
lost in your soul again
with not a sin absolved by now.
As I share with you my heart,
body, soul, and mind controlled
and set free by what you give me.
Within you, without you
I give into the urge once more
and wake up dazed and unsure
by the oceans of your lustful soul,
stripped naked, bruised and sore,
far from home on an empty shore.

The way you kissed me

The way you kissed me
made me think
that you would make me cry,
and I was right.
I write
as the shards of our romance
crumble in my hands.

But don't forget the tender kisses,
the whispering moments
and giggles between the sheets
that fell on your face
and across your breasts like a shroud.
I'd never seen
someone as beautiful as you.

My heart is heavy
with the knowledge
that I'll never feel your lips again;
your skin on my skin,
your warmth
or the wetness within.

I remember
the nights you lingered,
staying for another hour or three
as the light of the morning
birthed itself
continuously.

After, I would lie for hours in our bed
and watch the dawn,
knowing that the sheets
still carried your scent,

knowing that you were gone,
and somehow I
could never bring myself
to move on.

When I kissed your neck

When I kissed your neck
you breathed deeply in my ear,
and when you took my hand
and placed it on your breast
I felt your heart beat there.
Chemicals in my brain
and all I want
are your lily-white tender hands
pawing on my skin,
knocking from the outside in.

Let me in,
let me in,
let me live inside your heart
until the world ends.
And let me know that your spirit
flows to and from my own,
in endless rays of light
pouring from your soul
so that I am never
cold again.

When you look at me
I feel like more than I am;
I feel like a better man.
I feel like I could die young
and not regret a thing
for knowing you,
for knowing this,
for endless bliss
counted in the number of times
we kissed.

She loves me

Whose hands are these
which touch me in the night
while I awake, and there she lies
half-buried in the depressed sheets
we've shared while never speaking.
Who are you, kissing on my eyelids
as I see the day for the first time
and feel the rhythm of the earth
and the energy of space combine.
Who feels me there, so tenderly
the night air grows less cold
and her breath steams up my skin
and her lips whisper kisses on my chin.
Whose eyes are those, cast darker
by the exponential shadows of my room,
and hidden in the gloomy near field
I cannot seem to see through.

Whose dreams are these I've shared,
whose children are these I've fathered,
whose love I would travel
to the end of the Earth
and bear a deadly curse for;
who I love,
who touches me so gently
as though she loves me,
as though she loves me.

Your beauty, my soul

Your beauty, my soul,
the widened hole inside
I feel when you're not with me.

And I miss you.
And I miss you.
And I miss those little kisses
you plant upon my cheeks
like seedlings that one day grow
into the flowers I perch beside your window.

Where did those days go,
of our infant love
and your watercolour hands
upon my own,
and sewn into your skin
my tapestry.

When you look at me
I break apart, for you are all
that I have ever wanted.
I am that hunter
in the lonely night.
You are the light,
gas lamp hung upon the door
of the cabin that I climb to
and the bed upon which I recline
as you hold me.
As you hold me.

The leaves burst from the trees
like the fireworks in your eyes
when we're together.

I have strolled upon the avenues
in waking dreams of you;
this waking life, this precious time
in which your tangible form
is mine and only mine.
And these rhymes echo,
constantly until I see your image blur
into the world, into my mind,
into the void behind the veil
of my desire.

You are the fire of my life.
You are the passion
which I have always failed to describe.

My mirage

Across the desolate landscape of myself
you are the desert wind, pale mirage
shimmering gently through the heat haze.
You are the cool lakes of water
and sheltering trees which break apart
my lonely vanity and shameless self-deceit.
You are the healing light
which both saves and scorches my skin,
gently surrounding me with warm
tenderness and glowing passion
in the absent-minded tyranny of day
turning to night as abstract stars burn meekly.

Observe my heart
in all its cracks and ridges
and soft mountainous crests made out of sand
and clay, and dirt, and crumbling stone
so weathered down it's barely there.
Observe how you come to me
like tender salvation in the night
to make me cool, and calm,
and devoid of the bare terror of yesterday.

I feel you descend upon me
like the shadows of the withered trees
casting flickering shapes in the dying light
filtered across the expanse of myself,
borne of nothing,
steeped in sadness.

Your embrace

I have loved you
as an exiled man has loved his home,
so long you are a vision and idea
of dreams and peace through this penumbra
more than you are a woman,
more than that you live still,
more than that you are out there
across the seas which heave
and breathe life as you
give life to me.

That lonesome moon which hovers,
hung so perfectly in that shroud
of infinite night I gaze through.

I see you.
I see the innocence of youth
and how I began to love
with such force, those seas
crashing onto the rocks of my shore,
your waves, my stone hands
which cease to hold you
and only break
as you erode me,
as the memory of you
fades, and I decay
as all those shores
one day crumble to the sea,
and finally you have me
for your own.

Your embrace
my home.

Overflow

Your fingers part the fabric
which whispers across your pink skin,
your legs trembling while you push deeper in.
The contours there of perfect legs
pulled high, and I see all
your secret landscapes, ridges, valleys,
folds of flesh and your portals
which bridge your ecstasy to mine.
Your heaving breasts, your heavy sighs,
your frenzied hands as you unclasp me,
grasp me, wordlessly take me for your own.
A moan or two and we are in this,
eye on eye on skin on lips,
on your pleasure, on mine,
on sweat and spit and the lines
our bodies draw over these sheets,
the floor, the walls, the semaphore
of your head as it moves,
of my head as it moves,
of our bodies as we pull, push,
and all as you stare through me
like you see what you can do
and how it reduces me to something
you can own, claim your own,
bring me to my knees
or you on yours,
or you beg me for more
while we're entangled.
I feel you gripping me with hips
at tilted angles.
I feel you shake, I feel you tremble,
I control you king to queen,
queen to king, you control me
and I lose everything.

I hear you whisper
and I see eternity
briefly.

You simply smile as you release me,
smile as you know,
smile as you
overflow.

Your skin on mine

Your skin on mine
as the morning light peeks through
the whitewashed blinds
and I taste your lips,
pulling you close
as though it were the last time.

Tenderly
I caress you,
undress you and
worship you in the half-light
dawn breaking over us
and this hangover of lust.

Inside you,
let me be everything you need.
Let me sing the songs
that make you swoon,
lover in my tangled limbs
and hungry hands.

Let the light of our love
shine brighter than the sun,
silhouetted forms
that push and shove
and combine to one
wriggling eternity.

Wherever you end,
I begin.
I kiss your eyelids,
caress your face,
and grasp your flesh
as I enter in.

Give in to wanting.

Open the gates
and let me swim
in hot oceans
that melt the heart
of many a man.

I want you again and again,
whenever I can,
with your hand in mine
from dawn to dusk and starlight,
shining over your skin
as we begin to love
and share our souls
until we are one in sin.
Young and full of youthful
wants and whims.

I want nothing else.
Only the sweat and spit
and pure longing
that belong in this bed,
your hands upon my head
as you come closer.
I only want to exist
with you, with this,
these kisses
and the tenderness
of your lips as they devour me.
I want you to
overpower me.

Your tender eyes

Your tender eyes
and I recline upon the bed,
you in my head like fever dreams
and I am feverish, fecund male
devoted follower of flesh,
and I undress, and you undress,
and I lay my head between your breasts
and kiss you. I haven't slept
in days, and oh
how I have missed you.

Your tender eyes
and I am grasping at your flesh
as you caress the notches in my spine,
and I kiss a line slowly down your torso
until you push your legs
so forcefully that we combine,
and I feel the thoughts within my head go
out into the space beyond our frames
and into night skies lit with little stars
and all their flames
look like they were lit for us.

Your tender eyes
and you are mine in this
and every other moment,
you grab each inch
of my body as you own it,
and when I kiss your neck
I hear your heartbeat climbing
and your moaning
makes me feel like there's no
living left for dying.

I wake and hear
the open window sighing.

Tonight I sleep

Tonight I sleep
where I cannot dream,
in a quiet chemical stillness,
lost in rooms of madness
I cannot bear.

Skin and bone,
eyes that gaze into the ether
as I silently crumble in despair.
I look into halogen glass
and know there's no one there.

Under observation,
I bet you couldn't picture this
pale flesh caressed
by needle marks
beneath the doctor's gaze.

Madness and my acid brain
moving further into the abyss
as little by little,
bit by bit,
I waste away.

Time stretches on,
but I won't let it stretch
a moment longer.
I wish I were stronger.

I am lost

I am lost
within myself;
I am wandering
through the ether of my soul,
torn and tattered
during the closing sequence
of my childhood.

I sleep at night
and dream as the day is born,
carrying these visions
of the sweet surreality of life,
of these people who pass me by
with their own reflection
in their numb eyes.

Too strange to live,
too rare to die,
too blind to see
I belong on the outside,
far from the happy lives
you lead without me.

I fade away

I fade away.
As surely as the day grows darker,
I push farther and farther out from shore.
Mindless and afraid,
I look into the face of death
and draw nearer.

The weight of time,
the burden of expectation,
the unbearable temptation
to lose it all.

As surely as I live,
as surely as I die
by the choices I have made,
I wake up and the world is strange.

I look into my eyes
crying pale tears in the hollow glass
and see them fade.
Little by little
I am erased.

White linoleum

White linoleum counter,
and I sign the form
and then they strip me.
Sleepless night
behind the glass,
halogen ceiling lights
and hospital gowns
turned inside-out
to try and hide my body.

Doctor's orders
and I am whisked away,
wheelchair and the empty stares
make me tear apart inside.
Vaguely aware, they sign me in
and begin to heal me.
They touch my skin, it's bare
but can they feel me?

Five men, darkened room,
pencil and paper in my fist
as I resist the urge to scream
as others do, my little bed
a long blue sheet drawn closed obliquely.
The guards routinely peek
and check my wrists and neck
for any marks. It's dark,
but I can see the future
and it is bleak as the past.

Slow malaise, painful days
spent watching drool pouring down chins
and all the patients taking in
the pills they give you, and all I did
was write and pace the halls in slipper shoes

and scream about abuse, pleading
that I did not belong there,
down where time forgets you.

I felt a lifetime pass me by
before they let me lie and say I learnt
all of my lessons.

The paperwork,
and I was let into the light.

All those nights
I thought of life
and never slept, and sometimes wept,
and thought of mum and dad
and happy lives I never had
and I can't help but think
I may really be mad.
It seems sad now that I
live among the living.

Forever

I floated down the stream
of time which ends in nothing
and currents swept me to the sunlight
pouring through every cell
and molecule of what I am.
I ate leaves from the earth
heaving with the rhythm of life
and energy flowed through us
so that I dreamt and slept as one
dying particle in space.
Never forget that I showed you this
life as nothing becoming death,
and then the walls cave in
and the fields of grass
flow on forever.

Vision quests

Vision quests of landscapes
I have never seen, nor ever will,
my road-worn heart the stuff of faded
still photographs in attic drawers
and frames on dusty hallway walls
built to last but never seen,
my life a dream and shuddering
terrified silent scream
for the sake of noise,
for the sake of toil
against myself, my hollow heart
sworn enemy of the dusty purple belt
of stars which span my sight
when I gaze skyward lonely nights
and see all life unravel before my eyes,
and I could dream this dream a hundred
thousand times or more, and lord
how I adored the friends I made,
and all those loves I had along the way,
and I will live forever, or at least
another day of madness and blind
dismay as I think about cells
and windowless, sunless,
godless prison hells made sterile
shells for broken men,
and then I think I broke myself
and then I sink into the sheets
and tremble through my awful dreams
of ending up alone and old,
mad and with a manic soul
which feasts upon itself
and I can't tell what's really real.

Three red lights

My head is full of dreams
and the blue sky beckons
pale pink stripes across my eyes
as I peer through yesterday
into tomorrow, past wrapped
in future, three red lights
flashing warning signs
above the exit ramp of my mind.

My head is full of dreams
and though I spend the day among you
I walk the periphery of life
at night, my mind expanding
outward into hazy skies
and midnight joyrides,
taking every lucid pathway
and the psychedelic byway
past experience and into space
where I soar by nebula edges
into visions past my reality.

I have consumed
the night,
the day,
infant spaces breathing death
into infinity; blinding light
pouring from my eyes
beneath fractured eyelids
shielding daydream
borderline ghosts which are not there.

Hear me in my abyss
shouting prophecy ramblings
into the unhearing, unfeeling night
stretching through the edges of the map.

Hear me run
across the expansive trails of clouds
which populate the liquid sky
and shield my eyes from hallucination
worlds below my feet,
too strange to believe.

Unafraid

I drift from place to place,
scene to scene,
as one man among
the many faces of myself.
I move from land to land,
sea to sea,
moment to moment
in the dream of identity.
I have unravelled the fabric of time
like a heavy blanket,
covering my shaking shoulders
through this dark night of the soul.

I lose touch
as surely as my fingers slip from yours,
I lose my grasp on permanence
and the ability to hide.
I am alive,
true colours in full bloom
as I explore the chemical landscape,
the altered headspace
dreamland beyond the ether.
Awake at last,
slowly realising my tetralogy of self,
selfish in my ceaseless need for
exploration.

I have seen
the pyramids of Egypt burning,
as the triumphs of man
become fickle, trivial things.
I have seen
the rings of Saturn divide and fall,
crumbling as the stars

turn fretfully inward.
I have seen
fields of grass grow into forests
and the smallest tides
become thunderous tidal forces.

I have seen
space and time holding hands
in a dance which made me lustful
and lost in madness.

I have seen
the endless eyes of God
and the hand of fate
around my pale throat.

I have walked
upon the surface of the moon
as it cracked and fell away
into infinite space beneath me.

I have held
the centre of the earth
in my hands
like a tiny grain of sand.

I have caressed
the tenderness of my flaws,
stripped naked and explored
in all their complication.

I have seen
myself without my skin;
I have looked within
and made amends with darkness.

I am uncovered,
stripped to the core
as the image of a man
torn into fragmented pieces.

Piece me together
in the chemical fog of discovery
I have pursued,
searching in the light of this journey.
I move into the unknown
with the pure eyes of a child
waking for the first time,
new dawn glow slowly rising.

I drift from place to place,
scene to scene,
as one self
among the many selfish men I've been.
I have dreamt
impossible dreams,
seen impossible things,
known impossible truths too early.
I was not ready
for this long strange trip
which laid out my heart
naked and bare,
unafraid of what is out there.

Time

Time.

The inseparable weight
as the dates on the calendar page
fly by.

I have fallen high
to low, and in letting go
have found new crests
which I have climbed to.

It slips by you
as few things ever do.
It turns grey to blue,
brown to green,
and fields into frozen winter scenes.
I have seen things
which no one else has ever seen,
as though built for me,
as though I am living in the wormhole
out of time, out of space,
out of my changing face and mind,
out of the past
and everything I left behind.

We move with time,
as the waves of the ocean
or the ripples of the lake sigh
slowly spreading currents outward.
I doubted if I would make it very far,
but there are ways in which we all move
onward.

My head is full of dreams

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across the expansive trails of clouds
which populate the liquid sky
and shield my eyes from hallucination
worlds below my feet,
too strange to believe.

When I am tall I tower

When I am tall I tower,
but when I am small I am weak
and unable to stand.
High upon the edge of myself,
I see that I am bold
and brash and
wildly conflicting.

(Lost in the dream
from which you have awoken).

When I am tall
I feel as though the world
rotates only for me.
Inevitably
I forget how to be,
and the power to feel eludes
as I grow dizzy,
weary through my journeys
aboard this spinning rock.

(The day opens
already old).

I can be many men
within this skin,
projecting everything I feel
until I'm left alone again.
I only make sense
when I write,
when I speak and find
the words I wanted
without the others.

(Do you ever write about me?)

At my best,
I am made of glass
which shatters at the smallest touch,
and through which
any eyes can see.
I am oblique,
pale and clear
in the morning light.
Look at me.

(As the cradle of the sky
nurses my infant spirit).

See me here,
see my soul bare
and naked before you.
Watch the cracks appear
and let me crumble
endlessly without you -
always apart,
forever falling
faithless and strange,
made for you to feel.

(Deep, dark
and as impossibly blue
as the ocean's Aryan eyes
sparkling in their abyss.
Blue as the hydrangeas
my mother used to plant
and place by the window
while I wrote
and dreamt of flying away).

Solitude

Pick one of
the men I've tried to be,
and tell me why he's missing
from the other side of your bed.
Alone in this
loneliness of the hunter,
searching endlessly
for the reflection of myself
in another.

La nuit est froide
et vieux comme éons,
waking in pitch darkness
to hear the echoes
of my dreams.
Why do I dwell
on solitude?

In my heart
I see every man and woman
I have loved,
in all their pure beauty
and immeasurable pain.
In the purity of infatuation,
why do I dwell
on solitude?

Live within my heart
eternally, infernally
lost to the abyss of time.
All you men and women,
loved too fast and lost too soon,
who were never destined to be mine.
I cannot help but fixate,
comme je me cache à l'intérieur de moi,

and am destined to be forever lonesome
in this desolation of romance.

Every person I have loved
lives far beyond this door.
I am exiled within this paradox,
long past the time in which they loved me,
a different man than they had known.
Why do I dwell
on solitude
when I don't want to be alone?

Obscured by the glass

Obscured by the glass,
an image of my future
drawn out of my past,
as my present grows
slowly stranger.

I remember the sun glow
as it set over the beach
by which our home rose,
those long years I dreamt
and planned on leaving.

I remember the hyacinth scent
which wafted through the yard
those sleepy summers spent wasting time,
my unfulfilled young heart lustful.

I remember the smell
of the Australian night,
dusky blue and serene as it fell
over the country I called home
a lifetime ago.

Yes, I have changed
into a version of myself
broken apart and rearranged
so that I resemble
the man I wanted to be.

Obscured by self-worth,
I want the true design
of the man my mother birthed
that moonlit night
so long past it seems an aeon.

I have moved beyond
the sand, the sun and the stars;
I am forever gone,
lost with winds which blow
far and wide,
deep and loud,
and much too fast
for me to ever catch them.

I still hear the sound
of the raindrops as they fell on the ground
and the flowers planted
by the window of my boyhood room.
I still feel the sadness
of the nights I spent watching
the water drawing portraits on the glass,
only for me, and my eyes
which stared so sadly
out of my incubator cell
and into the vastness of the world around me.

Here I am,
awakening anew
as a stranger in strange lands
far beyond that glass,
my past a hidden vault
of light and sound which I no longer see.

I left that room,
those sandy beaches,
those half-forgotten dreams
of what might come to be.
Day by day
I swim as fast as I can,
chasing the horizon while it lingers
way out above the ancient sea.

I change

I change.

As surely as the memory fades,
second by second,
day by day
I change.

Like a picture in a frame,
torn and frayed,
decaying with age
and hidden away.

Like a bird housed in a cage
or a mouse lost in a maze,
moment by moment I adapt
and change.

Like a dream you kept contained –
surreal and strange,
which you can't quite explain –
I change.

Like a rolling wave
arriving at the shore,
every moment different
than the one which came before.

Like a half-remembered dream
I half-remember the people I've been,
the faces, places, and lovers I've seen,
hearts I have known
and the years
in which I have grown and altered.

Despite what I have wanted
I never cease
to change,
in every way
and through every stage
and circle of the descent.

I change,
and in place of the past
I rearrange and mediate
the message of myself.
I change as you draw breath
and wake up every morning
older, wiser,
stranger,
in the ill-advised torment
of the traveller.
I am the shifter,
the drifter,
the strange poem writer,
renegade spirit lover
without a home.

I am the changeling,
mad, caged, free-spirit thing
let loose on winds
which blow across oceans deep
and blue as the span of my soul.

Clawing

Clawing tendril arms
from desert sands spilling
blood red diamonds,
blue prismatic light
pale glow fluorescent
dream eyes with no reality.
Fire red, I see nightfall,
shifting sand and neon
radiation death and slow decay,
atomic clouds and ash grey
crowds of people crowding in,
buildings crumbling like tin cans crushed
now that we're older.

Worms, dirt, the mother bee
stung queen devoured freely,
mutiny of self and rainfall
tastes like acid and I see
purple sidewalks waking up
with silver sheen and I feel
vibrant green shades
tinting eye patterns
and shapes beyond my sight.

Islands in the sea
and castles made of sand which fall
into shifting tides made brilliant
by reflected light like little
stars or perhaps time is simple,
standing still and lilting waters
while the sky dips down to violent
colours like it's always bound to do.
Strobe lights and blinding
images of cinder block
buildings with heavy doors
I enter through.

My ignis fatuus heart
conquers the dark
strong arms of night
pulling inward,
the stars are purple shining
brilliant light on me
and now you see
why I'm alone,
dead of night poem writer
and still you sleep.
Sleep well and long
and hear no secret song
I sing to the black night
while others rest their minds.
Tomorrow we will meet
and then of course
you will be mine.

A blind desert skull

A blind desert skull
with eyes gouged out by dust
as I peer into the face of death
leering above my bed,
in visions that infect me
as moments pass and I grow less.

I see towers fall,
crumbling into ash like nothing else,
as the shadows fade
to a pale grey malaise
that drags my neck downward
and pulls me to my knees.

I see myself
grown strange, lone stranger,
lost amidst the dreams and dismay
of the youthful fool's first mistake,
bound by fate to lose
this game I never learnt to play.

I see the moon leave,
her journey calling onward,
as I scream and reach
but cannot find the strength to touch
the heights of heaven
which must surely lie before her.

I see your eyes
in the darkest dreams I ever dream,
their emerald green hue
the shade of my next nightmare.
I see the tears
you shed for me so many nights over.

I see us in our embrace
which felt like forever,
forever ago when we were lovers
and the hand of fate
had not yet struck,
though it was hovering above us.

I see you die
the slow death of a drowning woman
too unwise to know
she should fear the depth of water,
and I see the light of your eyes
extinguished by the veil of time.

I see sadness everywhere I go
and I feel my happiness float
out there into the distance,
far away from me
and my hands which clasp at nothing
without someone else to save.

I see people passing by
living lives I'll never understand,
as they see a simple man
with simple cares and secrets,
his face a mask he keeps up
so that they won't be afraid.

I see our future
grown heavy in the distant haze,
as a tortured woman waits
for a broken man
who runs and repents
for all his cruel mistakes.

I see love
and everything I am afraid of

follows next,
as the gruesome hand of death
fastens its terrible grip
tight around my neck.

I see every dream I've ever had
become an outline of itself,
white chalk on the tarmac
of my mind and my ambitious soul
which was always destined
to collapse like it was never whole.

I see the skyline of a city
I never thought I'd see,
and I feel demons at rest
deep within the heart of me,
myself and I, these eyes
and the tears they cannot help but cry.

Goodbye.

My eyes change shade

My eyes change shade
from blue to green to grey
and I wonder
if I'm changing too,
never knowing
how the shades of my soul
spread their light
within my skin.

My eyes change shade
and sometimes I dream
that inside I'm never the same;
that day by day
I wake and rearrange
the form of myself.

My eyes change shade
and in the colours they become
I see the world through different lenses;
I am defenseless
against the might of time to move me,
pull me as it will into tomorrow.

My eyes change shade
and nothing stays the same,
yet I still wonder
if your world looks like mine,
or if everything is strange.

My eyes change shade
and there's no telling
what tomorrow's hue will be.
Sometimes I can't help but wonder
what you see
when you look at me.

Every day

Every day I see the rain pass -
ash grey steel, cold glass
and the train speeds onward -
homeward, wherever's next;
I pass the time by feeling less and less.
The stress constricts my chest;
I think I'll just smoke and do my best
to find the time,
the rhyme, the syllable
to express myself.
I undress myself with everything I say,
every note I play,
and day by day
I feel naked and exposed.
I'm in the throes
but there's a way out, I know.
I haven't found it yet,
but it'll come any day now.
Just keep the faith somehow.

Naked in the dark

Naked in the dark,
the patterns of my mind
displace these fragmented musings of mine,
and I feel space unveil
like black star distillations
of pure truth, and I feel you echoing
from tooth to tooth
as I try to explain
how I have gone elsewhere,
to a place you cannot visit
in the ordinary light of life,
but must arrive by substantive seas
made of blue and green jazz trumpeter
love supreme rambler, gospel
poet, spirit lover doctrine
delivered to us in the amber
light of dawn,
and I have torn myself in two
trying to push myself out to sea
with only chemical waves by which to drift,
wilful abandon roads to walk,
and you know me; some of it's talk
or verse, but most of it hurts,
swiftly worsens
and quickly leads to glossy black hearse
rolling down the avenues
they warned you of in school -
birth of the cool.

People are strange

People
are
strange.

I don't know
how I
can learn
to live
among
them.

Among men
among women.

Among the children
of god and oppression,
forgotten alien lifeforms
born strange within a brilliant truth.

I don't have any use for this
bizarre juxtaposition
of love and death
or hateful mess,
lies, and cruel
tenderness
which I
reject.

I am
the man
who falls apart.

Heart by heart,
I am the man who can
never cease to look upon
the world in which I find myself
with constant disbelief and apprehension.

The dying sky

The dying sky is lit conceptually,
vague dreams and memories of yesterday
turned strange realities
and fractured sentences
spoken into the night.

I breathe light into the vacant air
and feel the ghosts of lovers and loved ones
and forgotten mothers and fathers
and brothers.

I had no sisters.

I had no reason to lie here and write this poem
thinking of home.

I dreamt

I dreamt
of a child born to light,
blinking in the halo
of a blissful glowing dream
by the sea.

I dreamt
of days spent with love,
and laughter in the ageless race
of innocence and youth.

I dreamt
of towers crumbling into dust
as the purity of a child
became a dark belief
in the atrocity of man.

I dreamt
of isolation,
loneliness in the shadow
of a child's heart
facing demons.

I dreamt
of darkness
and the proliferation of fear
as it swept across a small boy's soul.

I dreamt
of brief happiness,
fleeting pleasures
in the dawn of youthful
naïveté.

I dreamt
of drugs,
flames, sirens,
tears, and the allure
of death.

I dreamt
of illness

taking over the body,
crushing the mind,
blocking out the world.

I dreamt
of passive years
spent in commiseration
and convalescence,
ageing into the ether.

I dreamt
of nothingness,
blank space slowly
consuming all memories of joy.

I dreamt
of strength slowly returning,
building in the body
and rising in the mind
of a newly woken man.

I dreamt
of courage
and the will to risk
with the brilliance
of an awoken soul.

I dreamt
of laughter, light, sex, tears,
friends, music, lust, love,
drugs, drink, travel,
and possibility.

I dreamt
of the promise of tomorrow
and the happiness of knowing
not every challenge is doomed
to fail.

I dreamt
of a morning
when I woke to find
the tears of yesterday
had dried.

I have held you

I have held you,
I have given you my soul
and you have whispered
words that made me shiver
with the thought that we could be
something worthy of forever.
I don't know how I fall in love
so inevitably, easily soon,
but I saw you clear as summer rain
before the clouds came,
your misty eyes turned white
and unreadable during the day,
only at night when you
turned yourself away
onto your side.

Remember feeling like
we may just fall in love?
Remember how it felt
like we had given up
or had given too much,
the fire of lust now dim
and burning to the ember?
Do you remember?

I have held you,
I have felt you cold throughout the night
and made you warm.
You said you had never felt safer
than you did between my arms,
in the gloom where demons lurk
behind the curtains of the dark
and I gave you my heart
and you trusted me to hold you,
and I felt like you were whole

and our two souls were one and all.
You were a riddle
and I thought that I had solved you,
but I ran into a wall
which I can't climb.

You once were mine.

The dead of night

The dead of night.

My breath is slow, my chest
rising naked in the half-light
of a full moon, snow-filled
sky beyond the glass.

I feel the will of sleep
pulling me down
but I defend myself
against the chill
call echoes in my soul.

My tired limbs
are heavy burdens as I sink
into the sheets and folds
of tattered dreams I dreamt up yesterday
and soon absorbed,
assimilating life into rebirth
and I, Anubis of the day
spilling outward.

Don't let me lie
here too long.

I have dreamt
of days beyond these faltering
steps in wrong directions,
and I thought I had learnt my lessons.

I lie
in dreamy vacant air,
vague guesses as time
ticks slowly away
and the latent image of my face
peels slowly from your memory
until I am erased.

I cannot sleep until
the chase is over
and I hold what I wanted.
Your eyes, I am still haunted.

Mystery girl

Whose eyes are these
that haunt my dreams
so tenderly, so softly
fixed steadily on mine?
Who is this woman
in my mind, my third eye
centre with all these shades
and symbols in her gaze
so that I cannot turn away?

Of whom have I been dreaming
when I lay upon my side
and try to picture nothing?
Why can I never see her iris
in the day, but only when
I lay myself upon the bed in silence
and wake up with her face inside my head,
so deadly, so unavoidably,
seductively assured that I will love her?

She turns to me
and I can't see anything but this,
the colours and the complex
hints of wickedness
and want within her look,
and I am shaken to the core
forevermore, until I abhor her
who makes me wake in pitch black air
while she who shook me
hovers above me sleeping there
and turns my thoughts to love,
so that I cannot help but call
her name into unhearing night.
She never hears it in time.

Mystery girl, you are not mine;
where do you linger in the light?

Runaway girl

Runaway girl, lost
in my heart like winter
freeze on tilting leaves
as it blows into the evening
closing shades of night
turning blue against the finite
falling sky I see and strive
to touch or become one with.

I fall in love with
stars and the dying burst
of colour into which they disappear
and light up nights as dark as
this, or how you made me
feel when I was so lonesome
I could have died
a hundred times or more
on the altar of your lips
when beyond every kiss,
an offering.

Rise, rise
out of the fitful sleep of a temptress
lover lost in wilful tears
shed for undeserving men,
your beauty lost on them
like light beams beyond the crest of the sea
turning blue-green when the sun sets
and for one moment peeks
behind the water's edge,
a coloured flash and then the glow is dead
when Earth has gone a little darker,
my sweet abider, lovestruck angel
of the cosmic decay I face when aeons
clash behind my eyes,

ignite the colours I hide from
when I lie and say that I don't want you
to read my mind.

Hide from love,
runaway charlatan lost
in sudden excesses of lust,
a mad rush outward blowing
gusts that propel me to you
no matter what I try to find
and seek within the stars
that shine upon me,
no denying you will delight me
no matter where I hide
and lie down amongst the ocean sands
and shifting coastal cloud banks
blowing crescent shapes across the islands
on the archipelago of myself,
made for sailing to and
far away from, arm in arm
with your one and only lover,
never another person to be seen
as I look back into the sun
and not a day goes by when I don't
wonder if you are just another dream.

What if

What if my heart expands
until it takes me over,
my mind a slave to love's design,
free falling into blind romances
with the world around me,
the sun, the moon, and the stars
which shine upon the soulmates
I see in those I find
and in your eyes which fixate
so tenderly on mine
when the gentle day is young and endless.

What if my heart expands
and I am drowned by love
as I have been when I wake at night,
shaken from thoughts of you yet I still wonder
if my hopeless heart can stand to break
once again, when I heave a foolish sigh and say
love could ever be so simple
as a feeling I am overwhelmed by
or the way my hands shake,
heart rate ascending
when I'm with you,
on the days I feel complete
and the ripples of time cease their spreading.

Love can be
blue as the oceans of my eyes
brimming with tender tears
on the 9,000 days I've been alone,
my fear of isolation growing vicious,
far from home on a tidal wave
of wishes made to be answered,

pleading whispers in the dark
while traced by fingertips on wrinkled sheets
when I've begged the silence
for the happiness of a hand to hold,
my faith in answers growing old
as I look for love and never find it.

Yet still I remind myself
of blind trust by believing
some love must be deeper than the heaving seas,
deeper than I've ever dreamt,
down to the depths I saw when my parents wept
and held each other at my
grandparent's funerals;
the kind of love in books and films,
in the stories I was read
filled with fairytale thrills,
and TV reels made for tissue maker's payrolls,
the kind of love we base our romantic ways on,
two blue souls singing a secret song;
the kind of Casablanca romance
I've wanted for so long:
picturesque kisses in the rain,
the kind of lovestruck link
which feels eternal,
meant to be, pre-ordained,
hopeless, hopeful,
brilliant supernova burning brightly
for the lengths of our lives and beyond,
tied together by indivisible bonds
we cannot breach and never try;
perfect unison octavic notes which
ring and ring, and sing and sing
sweet lilting lullaby things,
like the small birds do
when I hear them in the morning
as I wake from dreams of you.

My oasis

My oasis,
your dusky light on my wayward
wandering dreams.
Made of forged, pale, luminous fire,
I come to you
out of the soft light of other worlds,
across other plains,
through other women's hearts
so full of dreams and desolation,
their wasted mouths
gaping in the fog of my lost past.

You open to me, your heart
an unblemished white rose
which radiates the essence of you,
a night light in the dark corners of my mind,
absent thoughts of us
and your beautiful face
drifting through the surreal, absurdist
tapestries of my twilit thoughts.

And I feel you there,
out in the infinite air
I breathe, and sigh.
And because I know that you are somewhere
I smile sweetly, sadly; bittersweetly
because you are not here.
And I miss you
as the dark side of the moon misses the light
or as parched riverbeds miss the river's ebb,
or as burnt and barren trees miss the
songbirds and their nests
chirping early into the rising sun,
now gone, now forgotten
alongside all of those trees
which had once held them.

With all of those boughs which bent to them,
kissed them,
gave them life.

Yet
I
have
never
held
you.

Still I miss you like that.
Like I have known you my whole life,
like you remind me of a love I left behind,
like I am a burnt and barren branch in whose
arms you once nested,
who held you against
the cruelest winter storms,
held you until I burnt apart
and crumbled into ash
and the crash
and the broken nest
so that only you are left

and you fly away
into the infinite, omnipotent,
tainted beauty of the sightless sky.

Again

I am pink and blue
with the echoes of you,
rattling around my soul
like the electricity of light
through my cocaine brain,
left dazed and alienated
by the subliminal shards
of hope which you can give me
when the world seems less dark
and you descend upon my eyes
like the hand of god or fate
lifting me skyward, homeward,
star-bound and star-crossed
lover in the night borne frenetic
into the unearthing light
we save for simple stars, pretty
distractions from the celestial void,
and all this time the dark currents
of life and matter crystallised
and my soul died when you left me
and my heart has never felt more empty
and devoid of any love
and broken by the violent
temperament you have
when you look into my eyes
and see that my weakness is you,
and you abuse me
and I confuse you
for someone I will end up with,
and somewhere along the way
something slipped and now
I'm lifted in my bed,
alone at night
again.

The sorrow of my life

My heart is open wide
as infinite chasms between love and loss
or the black hole of your eyes,
so infinitely absorbing to my foolish heart
beside my vain and lovestruck pride.

I want a woman to love me
as the night wants rain to fall
so that when the sun wakes up
the leaves of grass which coat the ground
hold up little dewdrops
and we can see their quiet beauty
as we move around.

I want a woman to love me
as the neglected goldfish
you prop up in the corner
wants food and clean water,
and wants and wants
until it floats up to the surface
and no ones knows quite what went wrong.
Or how orphan, forgotten heart
lonely men have walked into the night
without love to keep them warm,
and the rain, and the snow,
and the ice, and the deep thaw,
and the sorrow of my
life.

Turquoise

Turquoise.

I saw turquoise light
over my eyes
the night I nearly
died.

I saw turquoise light
over my eyes
so many times
in dreams, those tears,
the life I nearly lost.
The cost of my disguise.

I called you from the ward,
my hands shaking by the cord
as I hunched into the corner
of the little booth
with scratched-in names and violent curses
patterned in the wood.
The greasy black handle
and I hyperventilated.

So small.
I used the words
so uselessly,
ineffectively small.
What did they do?
I couldn't read you.
I could never read you
in the end.
I tried
and pretended that I did.
But you were hidden
and you wouldn't let me in.

Your skin
not mine to stroke.
Your hand
not mine to hold.
The secrets
you would never have shown me.

I heard your voice over the phone.
I had never felt more alone.

Fragile

Fragile.
My glass
heart,
my radio
head.

I was almost
dead.

I remember everything
fast, then glacial slow
but nothing else.
I don't remember
calling for help.

Fragile.
Made of glass,
my heart.

I am thin,
pale, clear
as opalescent light
through mullioned windows.

I break.

I have broken.

Small and feeble
and desperate and alone
and wanting only
to believe that I am loved.
My feeble flesh is not enough.

Fragile.
I break apart
like paper-thin glass
blown into abstract statue
shapes you take the axe to.
I couldn't feel you sleeping
anymore.

I couldn't feel you close
those eyes which lingered long
on mine.

With time
I broke in two.
And into a thousand shards
of dismal shattered glass
as I am destined to.

I missed you.

The kisses that never were

The kisses that never were
over her bare skin,
her eyes deep within my own,
her soul with wicked whisper,
the black hole
of my addict's embrace,
sick and yet I linger
in the disintegrating silence
of my haunted heart
which tears apart and settles in disgrace.

The kisses that never were
given to her,
now mine forever.

Down in the depth of myself
and in the separating sides
of dualistic mind states
and the mental health
tightrope timeline of fate,
kaleidoscope never-ending moonbeam,
meandering daydream getaway headspace
I navigate.

The kisses that never were
on lightly closed lids,
on secrets given and received
and taken in, hidden
so that I breathe them,
so that I make them my own,
so that I, lonesome voyager,
lonely traveller, alone methadone amateur,
heave sighs into the infant night
where it was silent; embryonic saboteur,
debonair Byronic hero sighing
the slowly dying spell of her,

and in the broken silence
of my hateful heartache
I find escape.

Within my unravelling mind,
this unkind unraveller,
the bond that bends and ties
my heart beyond a blur;
its violence,
the nihilist leviathan lakes,
the oracular spectacular sunshine state,
and the violent force by which it unwinds,
panics and
breaks.

I have been so close

I have been so close
as to touch the face of death.
My mother and father wept
over the phone.

I leapt
and fell through abstract portholes.
The hospital beds
had heavy sheets.

Demon rising razor teeth
through the centre of myself.
They asked me
if I had wanted to die.

Flying darkness,
escapist phantom mind.
I can't remember
the IV tubes in the first hospital.

Depth of this ocean
wayward blind free-dive.
I don't even remember
anything after the coke.

Grief-laden vapour trails
through smeared cold windows.
What did I
want?

Imaginary bottomless tomb
closet bones in haunted homes.
There I sat
as the woman on the phone picked at her arms.

Digital, barren, temporal, sterile
world of twisted labyrinth paths.
Who are you there
reflected in the asylum floor?

Harsh fluorescent Orwellian light
on fragile arms in sunken sockets.
The worst of the regulars
were no longer shocked
of the demons in their dead bone sight
they saw but didn't jump anymore.

Flying angelic vanilla sky
moments of truth.
They asked me why
I said I'd choose to jump from a roof.

Earthen, ancient, valley cradle mountain top
and lakes of reflected bloodline light.
I had tears in my eyes
as he looked in mine and I swore on every bond.

So close, the distance
so nearly crossed behind.
My life was saved
by every friend who moved to the room
when they knew I nearly died.

Loving, kind, different eyes, different hues
and the laughter I have heard.
It was absurd to think
I had nothing to lose.

Alexander Wonderland

I leapt through the portal of myself
and touched death, and met his eyes
too awful to describe.

I drifted off into the space
you see before you die
but when I woke I was alive
and changed forever.

Hospital gowns, and I have crawled
into the rabbit hole
with wounded, tired hands.

Alexander Wonderland.

I jumped the cliff over the sea
and it swallowed me, my misery,
my LSD discoveries
and the lessons I ignored.

There is nothing left to explore;
I have hit the ceiling, fallen to the floor,
and I swam deep under the water
before crawling onto shore;
the tangible touch of dampened sand.

Alexander Wonderland.

I pushed through the black hole hidden there
and was peeled bare, my essence
and my dwindling grasp on
all the blessings I've received.

I felt the expanse of time
swallowing me,
stretched out; the blood I bleed
pouring infinities out of the mouth
of space's darkest cell.

My soul, in suspended falls
through a gate of pitch black stars
far beyond the world of man.

Alexander Wonderland.

I have lived, lost, loved, and given all
I had to make it through;
I have abused and been abused,
found truths in hidden places
and seen the face of the ultimate light,
the unforgettable eyes of oblivion,
and a path which leads me
high and out of pain.

I have been ashamed to fall
and proud that despite all
I stand. Because I can.
Because I have seen the darkness
which I am better than.
Alexander Wonderland.

I love the light

I love the light
so much I feel like I explode inside
when I am happy, and when the colours
of my mind make pastel lullaby
melodies shuddering like heat haze
wafting over desert plains,
my cool blue dream oasis lingering,
and you are my Isis of the dusky night
descending purple midnight shades
on closing eyes and trembling hands
covering skin.
I let you within
and now I live without you.

I love the light
as I love the new day's glare
coming over treetops,
fanning electric shades of peacock
blue and green, red, white,
vibrant lights that wake my mind up,
and I am tired but the day is young,
just begun and I am blessed
to be alive.
Still I strive for something more
and I adored you.

I love the light
and I have been happy as the sun
breaking the night, shattering
black shadows with bright
rays crafting life and colour,
and I sang lullabies to you
and broke in two when you forgot me.
I looked but you never knew
that you had lost me.

Deserted

I move through changes,
lone silhouette lost in the skyline
haze and departure of yesterday
as opalescent grey as the ash tray
full of spent cigarettes
upon the glistening silver glow.
I exhale vortex curls
and feel my panic go
into the air, beyond there,
that glass so seemingly
clear as the present
or really murky as the past,
and I blew trees into the alleyway breeze
yet barely had a dream last night.

I often fight the urge to lie
down in the sheets with my demons,
my hidden heart, disbelieving self,
my painful, ecstatic urge
to move far into the hurtful light
of an illuminated ego death
dissociative midnight soul.
That K-hole nightmare
darkness down there,
so romantic to me,
my self-destructive inner peace
disturbed.

The silent room
deserted.

Missing

The grim mask of this reaper,
my pale flesh caressed by the whispering wind
and the dead secrets sheltered
in a barren voice
hidden in the space between her.
My skin alive with vague threat,
omnipresent nastiness
and bitter fear with every breath.
I am the emptiness of Earth
in its regret,
this devout and utterly devoid
follower of fatalistic
pleasures of the flesh.

The sunless sky has lost this ploy
for subtle madness in the mask of joy
well kept, well secreted-away
in the forbidden hole
I hid in.
I slid into the hollow between
dreams, day, death,
and infinite space.
These micro-expressions of my face
are no mistake.
I shrink away.

This is not permanent,
it is only by design.
It is only by the mechanical
dictatorship wiring
and the silent sirens blaring boy band jingle
cartoon violence in your ears.
Only by the way I do not feel
like I belong here.

Earth.

I wish I hadn't seen you first
but I know you won't be my
last.

Perhaps I clung to ground too soon,
too fast to fit and sit with the past,
an intergalactic space ship
fifth dan fighter
six shooter paragliding
lightning storm trooper.

The past
bears nothing on my future.

Lovelorn

Out of the corner of the room
an epiphany, a silent truth
splitting the infinity of myself.
Out of the shadows of my sleep
the apartment sighs
and the floorboards speak
their creaky soliloquy reading
this dramatic monologue
lovelorn love song.
It won't be long before
I am gone again.

The whitewashed walls,
the refrigerator buzzing by the side
as I dissolve inside the cocoon
shell, this infant light
mortal hell;
all hope abandon,
while I fall
into temporal holes
bored by my failings.
No self-control,
no release.
No peace.

No hesitancy
as I climb ivory towers
and plunge a hundred floors
or more, like May showers
birthing the April flowers
with which you adorn your hair.
I can taste the air
and I can fall and fall and fall
and fall
and fall

and fall
and fall into my darkness
as though there's nothing there.

The dirty window
whispers.

The forgetting

Cut me down
until only the cocaine remains,
and the remains of the day
die slowly within my withdrawn heart.
The artist,
the art,
the starvation mode
fast I slowly disintegrate through
until I am flesh,
until I am one with you.

My lysergic life,
my changing eyes
no shade or design but mine.
The sunlight tries,
but in my cocoon
I blossom like the death's-head
moth and it cannot find me.

Let me fall
and I will drop every dose I find.
Let me lie in silence
until I stop this back and forth
diatribe within my mind.
Me, myself, and I,
and who of these decided
that I would destroy myself?

I starve in this half-lit room,
this comfortable tomb,
this womb of my design
for rebirth, and I unearth
every demon I have known.
I grow thinner,
weaker,

stranger.

I take my anger
and turn it on myself.

I think about
everything that I have done
as I have lived, and loved,
and died a thousand deaths;
the phoenix I've become.
These drugs, this mind,
this abstract, impressionistic life,
the Van Gogh skies of my lucid dreams,
the pain and the forgetting.

Smoke rises

My liver, my lungs have had enough.
Enough of these pills, powders,
pieces of my mind made acid showers
and ecstatic circles moving
round beneath my lids,
the caplets, capsules, and frenzied scrambles
through the draw for something small
to mainline into a mind made spectral,
this spectrum span of things I have been told
to think, feel, do, without truth
there is no way to overcome.

Alcohol ambiance in the room at night,
cigarette ashes piling by the tremulant hand,
pencil scratch and crumpled paper piles,
my liver, my lungs, enough for me to say
I can drift into the night sometimes
a new man, a frail friend to myself,
stormy weather doubt as I persevere.

The mouth, the eyes widen,
the lights turn into spiral patterns,
the sky becomes a canvas filled with
watercolour shades
of blue and whatever all this means
it hasn't hit me, maybe partly,
maybe lesson learned, maybe
a road to tread I haven't found yet.

The omnipresent threat,
omnipotent hand of death around me,
the caress so gentle,
so resoundingly assuring
that reality is only half the scene,

and you can flip that coin
so easily it is a maddening temptation
to reject the days which pass me by just how
they are.

I am not of this life,
I do not use these eyes
to witness the same things you do,
the world does not compel me
as it compels those who surround me
and the happiness of the real has become barely
attainable
against the weight of heavy flesh.

Smoke rises
out of this small unsteady fire,
lifted as the light I am revealed by.
I wonder if you have seen
the death within my eyes
the countless moments, constant time
it spends there, and it is real
enough for you to witness turning grey
then black,
then nothing after that.

These days

These days
the snow looks like cocaine
and the sunlight looks like mushroom
clouds over my sight,
vapour trails bleeding left to right
across the psychedelic sky.

These days
the rain tastes like bad acid
running down my back
and bursting through my brain,
halcyon journeys twisting
through the electric light of ecstasy.

These days
the smoke rings come in loops
encircling the joyless evening air,
as I force my heart to rest
and capsule currents wash away
this fervid slave without a master.

The riverbeds are parched,
those days of wine and roses wilted
and neatly put into the past,
as I reminisce about the times I hit the mark
or missed it, or swam until I nearly
drowned and slipped aside;
all the dim way down
inside this hellish hole I had to hide in.

Disintegration

Disintegration.

As the coffee cups grow stained in the sink,
as the floor gathers dust and detritus,
as the ceiling fan shudders and gives up
alongside I, alongside the familiar
waking life I wake and sleep
and dread by every day.

Disintegration.

As the lightbulb gives up the ghost,
as the dishes pile high like a mass grave,
as the arms, the legs, the head
lose their energy
and I collapse in this cacophony
of silence.

Disintegration.

As the days blur by,
the second hand barks loudly
from the peeling wall, my breaking soul
breaks down, the sheets are scrambled
and you can find me in the heavy,
sleepy, poisoned air that permeates this day
and the malicious timeline of my life.

It passes me,
I disintegrate,
eternity
waiting
always
waiting
I won't
make it.

Dogma

Day decreases to day
dogmatically, this dry pace crawling
like a slouching beast across the plain.
Why does my heart suspend itself in solitude
amid a cloud of self-deceit?
I am deceived
and shackled to the pillars of my past.
I feel hollow
like a crystal vase in thin air
just above the ground,
moments from impact
without movement,
without consciousness.

Always waiting

As expansive as the amber expanse of cloud
which sinks before me now,
your eyes and the reflection of myself
haunting day dreams
and dazed falls through ideational portholes
into lustful, loveless realities
in which I shudder.

My horizon eyes slowly fade
into an unfocused gaze upon the dying sun
mirroring my soul as it sinks to hibernation,
always waiting

always
waiting.

Diazepam

A diazepam pentagram
drawn out of the lightning in the air,
as the drunken men throw bottles
and senseless shouts down there,
the alleyway below my heaving breath
gasping out this window.

I feel the night in its embrace
clutching through this shrouded darkness,
and the sense of time as it is erased
shows me nothing in the vacant flashes.
This city scene
bleeds water like feeble rivers
burst through scorched ravines.

I sleep in the mellow glowing light
in which I cocoon my mortal frame,
my eyes awake and perceiving
the vivid shapes on dim display
through this vastness,
through this permanence
of both the future and the past
at last.

What is this strangeness
that follows me from place to place,
this weird closeness
to the echoes of immoral, immortal,
disemboweled
disgrace?

I re-arrange
and take what I can find
in darkness.

Everything changes
regardless.

Dear life

I keep on slipping on the same rope as ever
as I fall down the same holes,
my hands tired, aching from the day
I grasp, hold, hope against hope
I learn from, heal in,
do not descend with
into darkness.

The kettle purrs from across the room
and I look to find myself alone.
Once more the silence of the apartment,
once more the void of the hallway,
once more the echoes of man
from behind the sealed, closed glass.

The third button undone,
the sleeves haphazardly rolled,
the eyes black and grey;
an inverted bas-relief of my face
drawn exhausted by the broken light
in which the computer screen bathes me
while the day grows darker
and disappears as I decline here.

Strength, weakness, strength,
weakness.

I mitigate my mind
in rows of numbing,
nebulous white.
My eyes shine,
dim,
recede into their sockets
and close, another day
for living, another day
to fight, survive,
cling to
dear life.

Dances

Dances through the smoke curls
while the basement lights are dim,
you my everything in present tense
now passed.

At last I think I learnt my lessons.
And the raindrops glisten like shattered
glass
on the sidewalks we meander,
the city twilight we enter with loud voices
and the fire of our faithless hearts.

Cigarette ash scattered underfoot
while we gather aimlessly
in pointless corners made of cinder block.
We linger a little longer in the dark
before the crowds come,
before my heart crumbles
again and I head home too early.

Rays permeate the Western air
while we move in the suspension
of youth to care, of adulthood
lingering there beyond us.
Not to know this time, ingrained
hazy memories shared without a word.
The coast unfurls my soul.

Snow drifts down the alleyway stone,
faces muffled for the arctic freeze,
grey fumes lifted by our eyelids
and the fire-lit brick walls shimmer.
Footprints on the melting ice
while we huddle as though there's nothing
beyond this tundra,
this barren land we wander.

Forgetting, sarcastic subletting
of my consciousness for days
I spent on end, on everything
I should have known to run from.
Distant mistakes I never meant to see
coming from me.

City street, blind light,
Snow White.
Mad rush, mad days,
hazy hospital getaways.

Here, stand where we can see.
Heal upon command
and tell me that the smoke curls
open into the air and fade,
those days neatly packed away
now that you have learnt your lesson.
Do not tell me that you lessen.
Do not rely upon a hand to hold you
while you turn crystal under pressure
and still the shattering is some surprise.

I cannot battle without hope.
I cannot hang with a rope
which I refuse to tie.
These days slip by
though still I grin
and ask how you have been
as though I have not seen myself
exploding.

Still

Still rolling in the bathroom mirror,
still writhing on the floor beside reality,
still sitting in dark rooms with dark thoughts
and Bic lighters
throwing shadows on the tiled walls.

Still rereading fault lines
in the construct of myself,
still the cut up straws in the cutlery drawer,
still the scattered white powder,
still the hospital wards and thin plastic gowns
gently rippling in the cold evening air
through a barred window who knows who
has looked through.

Still the weightlessness
as I fall onto the couch unconscious,
still the tubes of glass
opaque with thick grey smoke,
still the vomit, still the dazed stumbling,
still the hash burning, the ash smouldering,
the plastic bag deflating as my brain fogs.

Still the piece of card
dissolving on my tongue,
still the bitter, dirty taste of mushrooms
lingering in my mouth
behind the cheap prosecco.
Still the half-broken tablets
and the sight of myself
nervously clicking my jaw in the mirror,
licking the benchtop,
scratching the bottoms of heavy jars
covered in rolls of tape and nicknames
scratched in Sharpie ink.

Still the butane.
Still the codeine.
Still the cocaine.
Still the MDMA.
Still the clonazepam.
Still the diazepam.
Still the temazepam.
Still the alprazolam.
Still the zolpidem.
Still the psilocybin.
Still the salvia.
Still the LSD.

Still the healing.
Still the relapse.
Still the visions
still the thoughts
still the silence I break
still wandering.

I fall

Private life.
These private eyes;
this private soul of mine
you do not see.

The dead of night
poetry, the Xanax dust
and whiskey shots poured over me.
The suffering.

The way I walk
into a crowd
and wear a mask
and shout the loudest,
brightest,
happiest I can.
You demand it.

Yet when you leave
and I have only memories
and fantasies
and alternate realities
to explore,
I fall.

Then I run my hands through
cutlery drawers.

The man in the light
who smiles widely.
The black, pungent,
Kristallnacht smoke
which covers his soul.
This purge,
this absurd unearthing

of the hidden side,
the tiny little hint
of which is buried in his eyes.

I pull the blinds
during the day.
Sunlight cascades
and stops before it enters
and before I turn away.

A single tear.
You'll never see me
in here.

Defenestration

I glance out of the glass
at a treeless jungle,
leafless haven for the lost,
the abused, the down-and-outers
of the lunatic fringe.

There is a way the air grows heavy
while the night creeps on,
and I linger by the half-light
sunset I forget;
this vain forgetting,
the struggle and the fight
and the moving on.

The streets are heavy
with the memories of men
and the vague delusions
flocking to surround them.
The sun swings low
in her seat, seeming to breathe
through the rays of light
she emanates.

I watch the mouths move
like grotesque openings
in the faces of the damned;
I see fleeting eyes make fleeting summaries
of me, and the occasional obscenity thrown.
I am tired of the way the light falters
and withdraws, and our lives grow dim.
No light from within.

And yet the air is still
and in the morning
I will wake
to begin again.

I had to force myself to lift this pen
and write this poem;
loveless, passionless writer
whose spark has left him
for the moment, alone
and I am slowly coming to see
the mixed-state, shallow-breathing
lithium daze they leave me in.

They leave me little
to believe in.

My madness

My madness comes in waves,
reaching for the Xanax or the Stilnox
sling I slip my neck in.
Falling into the undertow
riptide out to sea.
This depraved insanity.

How else can I
destroy myself?
As I look out into the heavy air
and breathe tangents of twisted flame
and ash, and it falls
and I wonder what the feeling is
when movement stops
and you are resting
on the concrete pillow pavement
which I was kept from,
which I have dreamt of,
which I have seen
waking
as though a premonition,
this Jacob's ladder leading
skyward, downward;
an invisible height I have clambered high to
and the divine truths
revealed on the way down.
What sound?

I wake to the rhythmic tick
of the cheap quartz clock I taped to the wall.
Time does not absolve me.

Hunger

How you look into my eyes
is not of hunger, is not of thirst,
is not of want or affirmation.
Is not of greed, is not of lust,
is not of need or trust
or anticipation.
Is not of power, is not of control,
is not of capitulation, protestation,
pleasure, joy, or sadness.
Is not of sanity or madness.
Is not of Earth or sun or stars,
is not of Venus or of Mars.
Is not of this moment,
is not of future or of past.
Is not of encouragement,
judgment, statement,
or disdain.
Is not of your life,
or mine, or humankind.
Is not of pain or of design.

It is the look of the tigress
to her unsuspecting prey
out across the plains
she traverses in her hunger.

It
quickly
pulls
me
under.

Invested

The apex of your legs
where I am lost,
which is my wilderness.
That contour of your skin
trembling underneath my hands.
Your whispered demands.
The rhythm of your breath,
your breasts,
your tenderness
as you acquiesce
to my kisses
tracing up your thigh.

You and I.
No infant light of dawn,
the shutters drawn,
the light bulbs dim
as we are writhing
with our bodies
and our sins
intertwined.
Parched,
I lay prostrate before you.
How I adore you.

I lift you,
fold you,
kiss you.
I have told you
what I become when drapes are closed
and you remove your clothes before me.
This is the dance
we dance til morning.
I will be yawning through the day
all of tomorrow.

You are my light,
my sorrow when we part,
and I will carry you
out of the turbulence of my heart
onto my bed,
and you'll be glad
that you are there instead.
It is better when I am not invested.

Crawl to my embrace
and I will satisfy you.
Your eyes say I am bound to.

Mine

The skin which lines your inner thigh
is mine for this night, dim in light
of lust while I devour every inch of you
until it is mine, until other men
have no claim and will not find
the crevices of you I've climbed in.

Your body is my body,
your pleasure is mine,
your lips part into a smile
I quickly cover, I quickly smother
you myself, and until I tell you to stop
you will not.

You are as lost in this as I
and soon we will align
in unison, in perfect visions
mankind has dreamt for traceable time.

I take you like Odysseus conquered Troy
and took the kingdom,
and you my Helen,
and you my gyrating,
pulsating, sweating,
swearing, heaving,
ferocious, quickly moving lover
for tonight, for the morning
comes and you are spent,
and you have come
to and fro, my window
is open, and now you hear the songbirds
singing as though you didn't just escape
and fly to places others only dream of.

We dress and say goodbye.
Other men will give you their love
as you think of mine.

My demands

Your lips upon my skin
emit the brilliant radiance
and the perfect cadence
of your awestruck eyes
as they flicker shut and open,
your clothes halfway slipped
down the length of your torso
as you are choking,
and the straps of your bra broken
from the hunger of my hands.

I whisper my demands
as the wind seizes the leaves
of the unsuspecting
verdant, blossoming trees,
demanding their obedience
and bending them
insistently
toward the ground.

You moan aloud.
Your hair a shroud
which, swept aside,
reveals your open eyes
wide as you devour me.

We are one as we are bound to be.

Phantom

I asked my mother
if she thought most women
would see a handsome man in me.
She told me that they would,
and that I needn't worry
when I deserved to feel confident,
assured in myself
as all those photogenic men must be.
A couple of female friends
I dared to ask had said the same
but I remained skeptical
as a girl in school told me I had nice lips
and I was flattered but too shy
and bashful to speak.
Another girl told me that my legs
and the butt to which they led
were beautiful -
I couldn't tell if she was serious.
A few women noticed
my dimpled cheeks
and said that they were cute,
or that my smile was a sweet one;
mostly I felt I was ignored,
though my accent sometimes worked
to make me more attractive than I am,
that strange inclination
to exotic lands manifest in me.
My broad shoulders,
my tucked in waist,
my bony wrists and ankles,
and my shaved head
with short stubble
and the lines of bald absence
traced upon my countered edges.
My eyes, not beautiful
but somewhat strange

and shifting colours in the light
always a little grey, then blue
and green and brown;
my unremarkable nose and brow.
My reasonably large hands and feet
and the parts of my body
we don't write about in poems,
told that it's wrong and that
no one wants to hear about
such vulgar things.
My voice, often deep,
sometimes effete and usually
strained by social stress
and mumbled whenever I feel shy;
my undefined and effeminate
abdominal expanse
of which I have felt so conscious;
my moderately tall height,
my pale skin,
the stubble upon my chin;
my nervously trimmed body hair
and naturally near-bare
arms and legs and back.
My genetic predisposition to heart attacks.

I don't know the man
I see in the mirror, who shimmers
in the glass before me.
He doesn't look like me.
He doesn't look like anything
which I have ever seen, or ever felt
or ever known to be real;
he is a phantom façade
and I am a beam of light
energy floating through space.
I cannot feel your hands
placed around my waist.
Are they there?

Strawberry

It was how you tasted,
strawberry blossom lips
with the hint of lavender air
as I explored you,
and that frigid wind
through half-cracked windows
never sent a shiver down my spine
because you radiated light
and warmth in the cocoon of my sheets.

It was how you stared at me,
and how I would turn to find you curled
with your eyes over me like a dark shroud
among the clear glass bottles,
crumpled clothes that smelt like cigarettes,
drunken memories and burn marks
dotting the pale skin
along the back of my thin hand.

It was how those days of lucky light
seemed longer when you touched me
and stillborn when you left before the sun.
It was how your hair fell, your skin felt,
your lips brushed shyly across my own.
It was how I held you as though I would hold a
rose without a thorn.
It was how I let my hopeful
hopeless heart get caught up in the magic of
your hands
once more.

Now the mirror reflects sadness
and I taste cigarettes and empty bottles
which your lips have never touched.

Now the air is cold sometimes,
the night is dark, the day doesn't start
on time, and I can't remember
the way it felt to love you
because I can't remember your eyes
and that is when you really know
someone has left you.

Imperfect

You said you'd never be
one of the pretty girls.
With your cellulite, your acne scars,
your beauty marks
or the body you told me you couldn't bear.

Heavy silence in the air.
Your hot breath in my ear.
I miss you.

To love you until you would love yourself
a losing game, and in your smile
a thousand lies you masqueraded.

You didn't need to change.

Passing you the towel, your thighs now wet,
my back a mess of scratch marks, sweat,
and bruises I asked you to give me.

Your hard, small, happy breasts
pressing against my kneecaps.
Your stubborn innocence.

The lily white fingers of your little hands
entangled in mine as we made love.
Your curling toes,
the stubble underneath your arms
and on your pubis
you kept apologising for while I ignored you.

Imperfect sex,
impermanence.
Those things which you never let go,
I couldn't have cared less.

Come close

Come close until I taste you,
my irreplaceable.
The silence breaks as you moan.

Your broken silence my design,
these lips of mine.
Bring your cruel hungry eyes hither
as you shiver, shake, and push me down.
Paradise lost, found, and I am surrounded.

Pull me in
your embrace.
Your face, my face,
the taste of you.
Our sticky skin sticking
to another,
the sheets they shudder.

These feverish arms,
octopus-like writhing surge
and the neighbours might have heard us.
This lust,
this madness,
lost
in the dreams of past futures,
the future's past
and I'm alone again.

Rose gold

Rose gold patterns on the wall,
this life in air
and immaterial barren doorways
through which I see myself.

I am infinite as the sky is endless
and I am complete in this beauty
of space, and light
as it filters through the eyes
of those I love
and above me
the sword of Damocles hangs low
so that I rise
and fall
and am made whole
through my survival;
this piercing blow
my resolution.

I hold my head above these clouds
of destitution and decay
and I will not accept the fate
of lonely men, crumbling
as mountains one day fall
onto the plains of sadness,
indulgent despair
and the darkness hidden there
in my potential.

See these summer leaves
waltz along the streets outside my window,
and see my open eyes
gaze into the future light
that shines in the chambers of the dreams
which I have always had.

See my hands grasp tightly on
and the strength with which I hold
this Earth which I have held
and loved
and fought so long.

Woman

In my veins, you run the undertow
through boiling blood and my dark sorrow
born of woman, son of man,
stranger in the hollow of this planet
and the lonely wasteland from which I have run.

My fix, you are my ailment and medicine,
surgeon and executioner.
You are my temptress, godless face
shining between bottomless eyes.

In my heart you are the hole,
in my dreams my one companion,
in the night, death waits
breathing kisses in my soul.

I lay broken

I lay broken on the bed as evening falters,
stalling her last careful glance over the snow.
There is an emptiness to dreaming
I didn't know yet, and yet this slow
and painful ego death just will not end.
There were tears in both my eyes
as I crumbled into the dust under the boards
and among the wet tiles of the bathroom floor,
pleading for mercy with this curse
that still absorbs me.

I considered all the ways
in which I felt that I had died before
and there were more than I could say.
It is enough to have the present
and the distant fog
of a yesterday I barely know
because tomorrow there are ways in which
the echoes of these lines will fill my mouth

I shout -
the world burns and it is beautiful.
My cosmos will return before tomorrow
and first light's just a few more rays away;
the sea is green
as yesterday was pink and black;
the night will keep your secret for you
and then torture you with that.

Rain falls

Rain falls on the uneven alley stone.
Boarded doorways leading home.
My loneliness in chloroform gauze
over my barely parted lips
outstretched to kiss you,
outstretched to seize what I have
only in dreams, only in the seeming
belief that I will make it through.

Thunder splits the twilight sky.
Months since I nearly died
and I'm still crying
sometimes,
in the silence of a room I've spread
myself into; the peeling walls
and the dirty windows
I have taught myself to speak
my thoughts through
when you're not here,
when you're not anywhere
the hopelessness is near
again.

Again, the bitter end
comes threatening above the rooftops,
above the half-hid treetops,
above the lonely pit stops
drunken men drink in
and I have seen my reflection
in those glasses a little often
for my liking,
for the way I think my life ends.

Summer heaviness in the air.
The window seems to breathe

a sigh as though someone is there,
the air

the air
this breath,
only death.

I wake

I wake to the cinder grey of the walls
filtered heavily through blinds half-pulled
from their perch, my window laughing
in the morning air that dies
with the absence of sunlight.

How cold I grow
while I stagnate in this insulator,
this incubator I detach, and claw,
and break through into dawns
I didn't see waiting.
Breaking into lifetimes I don't want
or see some coming back from.
I see my dawn grow black upon horizons
spread through the smeared glass.

Nothing ever lasts.

The maniac

The old road whispers things
like the dead men in my dreams
who cannot hear me.
Forgetful days
as the lines on my hands redraw themselves
as abstract angles torn both forward and back,
I fade to black.

The maniac,
I find the colour in the centre of the sun
and fade to that.
Beyond both you and I
there is a code within your eyes
I seek to codify,
those starlight signs I'd light a vigil to
or swore some oath or other by,
this unbroken lullaby
goes undimmed in the headspace of my dreams.

Perhaps there is a wish that goes unwanted
all throughout these half-dreamt days.
Perhaps eternity bowed her heavy head
as though to gaze right through me,
assimilate the mind and body,
bend the twisted heart abjectly,
lingering in the light behind the eyes
there is a galaxy of stars that go stillborn
each wasted morning,
that yawning sky I looked into
and swore on no returning
while three stars spread the dead light of the
fallen far before me.

Seasons

As seasons drift
I drift
away,
as if there were some other way to live this
life I've led thus far,
so far beyond what I expected.

There is a message in the fallen sun,
the snowflakes heaven sent spinning
that spun and now they're slush
beneath our feet,
these old stone alleys
and the frowning streets
already littered with my stolen memories.

There are pitches in the halo of the day,
familiar melodies I've sung softly to myself
as I have watched each passing ray,
the shadows forming murky visions
while the old sun bowed her head
as though she listened sadly
to the song etched in the keystone of my soul.

Incarnation

Shifting spectral shades of virgin light
gone unbroken through my child eyes
I am eternal,
I am impermanence in this suspended air
which shimmers in the space before you.

Incarnate, reverberations through the dead
spaces of my recollection,
protracted silences and half-unearthed
skeletons I shiver at the thought of,
my haunting
echoes gently through a darkly-lighted house
I move within, without the strength to lose it
and so I'll sit within these walls
a little longer
as the pale sills gather dust each passing day.

I am distant energy by now,
beyond the parted clouds and among stars
or even demons, infinite joy
and sadness for the roughly trodden ground I
cannot tread on;
this mortal shell, this disconnection,
disassociated misperception of the self
or perhaps of everybody else,
though on that count I have to say
I'm undecided.

Fear

The warmth of your skin is electric
beneath my hands
while the cold air loiters
by the open windowpane.

Your kneecaps on my shoulders
while I look into your eyes
and you describe the way you haven't felt
quite this way before,
and I recite a poem I tapped into my phone
when I got home last night
drunk, stoned, and alone in the bed
which still carried the scent of you.

Your fear is my fear
when you run your hot hands through your hair
and tell me that you're scared of falling in
again, I read your eyes again
and see that you feel time stand still
when we're together
yet there is a risk to every lust,
there is a danger in my trust,
there is a shadow on your heart
I can't cast off for you,
there is a question on your part
I cannot solve for you,
there is the chance that real as this is
it exists only in the dark abyss
between your past heartbreak
and some bright future
in which I do not feature,
because tonight is not the night to want me,
these months are not the months to hold me,
this waning gibbous moon is dead in the dark
above me

and the stars shed stillborn light on
upward eyes
in cynical skies I plead you realise
you should not fear to love me.

Breaking

The sunlight on my ceiling is abstract through
the curtain of your hair,
as you trace a line of kisses down my neck and
I believe for once that I exist
beyond temporal and fleeting bliss and into
life beyond my dreams,
where you have waited in the dark
for far too many years.

The way you hold me
as though I can never break,
or how it feels to pull your fingers
between mine and kiss you on the lips,
that dimpled smile
splitting wide enough to show me this is real.
I hold you closer and I feel you,
your moans and little squeals
as I kiss every inch of skin which you possess.

The back of my hand,
your planted kiss as we embrace
and our sunlight is split by daytime rain
so that the leaves on each tree dance and sway
with bonds which seem never to break
as long as they hold tightly
I hold you tightly.

Because of the way

Because of the way you look into my eyes.
Because of the way your delicate fingers fit
through mine
and hold on very tightly,
as though the floor could disappear
and I am your anchor in overturning seas
set sail on this bed,
suspended by thin air while we make love.

Because of your radiant smile
which brightens up my room whenever I kiss you.
Because I can spend a day lost in your light
and scarcely notice time
as it flies past the open windowpanes,
as billions of lives start and end and carry on
I need only this, infinity in your face
and your lips on mine are planted lightly.

Because of the way you laugh and hold me
and I feel my darkness slink away with its
dismal tail tucked behind.
Because in you I found a life
I searched for years to love
yet never thought I'd find.
Because when I wake in the morning you are mine
and I don't want anybody else
and you don't want anybody else
and the sunlight holds us as two halves
while I kiss your neck, you sigh,
coming alive with me as the soft blue sky
splits open.

Abstraction

Small coloured lights spread friendly patterns
on the ceiling
in my abstraction,
daydreaming of tomorrow yet again.
The snow has settled now,
its frigid fingers tempered down
and warming with the first light of the day.

The barren branches stand so stiff
on these sentinel trees,
the watchmen gone uncovered
through the heavy freeze.
But there's tomorrow
peeking through the twigs now bare
in the form of all the beautiful,
colourful, temporal spring leaves
I soon expect to see there,
as I expect to one day bow my knee
and ask the woman of my dreams
if every secret wish I've ever dared to dream
came true.

As surely as I've lived to dream of love
I love you,
my infinity in a thousand other lives than
simply this
to touch you feels like coming home;
the trees will clothe their skinny bones
in robes of emerald green and gold
and I will hold you to me all the while.

Small coloured lights
dance in tandem shapes across the walls
in my abstraction,
daydreaming of your dark magic eyes.

The sun comes through my window
every morning now,
my tears are drier now
that you make me believe in karma.
My dharma bum, my lover in spirit
and an embrace that encircles seven suns,
you are the one for whom I waited
before I even knew that you were there,
and now I cannot help but see you everywhere,
out in new worlds far more beautiful than this.

Do Not Disturb

I put my phone on Do Not Disturb
while you are with me
because the world can wait as I cannot,
to hold you and embrace all of your sighs
as though they come from my own lungs,
as though your lips were made to fit here
on my lips,
my hands cradling yours while night falls.

Behind the plain apartment door
you are my everything,
and when the daylight breaks
I feel my heartbeat
climb because I know that you are with me,
and you press lightly into me
while we hold hands
and occupy the paradise between our dreams
and waking life; as you were once in sleep
you are now here beside me.

As you were once a hope you are a light
brightening darknesses I swore would never end,
and as our eyes meet
for the first time of the day
I am as vulnerable as the snowflakes
which will fall
on the next months of this romance,
coating these windowpanes
while we share in our hibernation.

I am naked,
fragile,
open before you.
I am afraid until I see you smile once again

and the heaviness in my chest expands,
explodes, and my fear bows its head
before the kingdom of your endless arms
I would gladly fall into a thousand times
because your eyes on mine are fragile as my own
and you remind me of a woman I have known but
never met,
slowly advancing through the shadows of my past
until I cannot help but let you into the
shelter of my heart.

Only in my dreams

Only in my dreams,
but there you are naked before me
in the half-dark room where we collide.

There is the whisper of a fingertip
across the light skin of my chest
as I inhale you, as I breathe you like air
grown thin now we are high
and lifted in the sheets of my bed again.

The pale gold of your skin glows amber
in this light
while the music intermingles with our open
window laughter
and the agitated traffic on the road outside,
busily humming with life I do not need when you
are with me.

Smoke contracts and releases itself
through the open pane
while you are nestled
in the harbour of my arms,
and your eyes are bottomless in this dark room
like you are infinite,
like you are everything,
as though in you I see my heart unfold
and all its deepest wishes surfacing.

Moonlight

Moonlight over us as we made love,
you said those words I'd only dreamt of
however many thousand nights
alone in however many beds
with however many unfulfilled,
unrequited romances I'd forget by morning.

A pregnant pause in midnight air
and then we kissed while our eyes met
and I told you the same.

I'd spent the day in fear of ever giving up the
little secret which had built
and slowly risen in my chest,
but midnight struck with your lips
pressed and held
still for an eternity while I embraced you.

Our minds occupied by one another
we lay adjacent on the heavy sheets as I tried
not to rush to write this poem.

The true poet stays in the moment, I said.
The true poet knows when he has felt
one of those feelings he'll never forget,
and even if the lines to this poem don't last
and even if a year goes past
and everything I have falls through
I'll never forget the way it felt to be allowed
to love you
as I held you
and I truly felt your heart beating within me.

The night we didn't go to the party

The night we didn't go to the party
we stayed in our bed, your eyes stayed
fixed on mine
while we both cried, the unspoken words,
the feeling of belonging, the lowered lights.

Holding you in my arms
feels like embracing my deepest happiness,
my infinite wonderess
with all those playful kisses
and piercing looks into my soul.

My elusive love at last,
where are your lips if not on mine,
where are your arms if not surrounding me
as the evening descends,
as each caress feels like the push
which sends me over
the edge of what I ever expected to know.

You are not the center of my world
but every particle of dust,
every little flower bud,
every drop of water in the sea.
I myself am like the air,
and if it looks as though there's nothing there
breathe one breath in,
reach your hands into the sky
and as I draw life from you
you draw life from me.
The sunlight dies but she returns for us,
within your gentle touch
where infinity is never long enough
and winter paints her dazzling portraits
on the ground.

I touch you

I touch you
as I would touch a soft thing,
a fragile thing made by divine truth
and with the beauty of a rose unspoilt.
I touch you like the air touches my face
on tender mornings when I wake
and walk into the world with hopeful heart,
and by your touch I am blinded,
by your touch I am complete,
by your soul and your lips
and your eyes I am made whole
while I adore you.

I touch you
with the caress of the moon
upon the Earth with pale light;
you are my sun, my beacon in darkness
and the brightness which I can only reflect.
I touch you as I would touch
the strands of spider webs
in which you've caught me,
and so tenderly
you wrap me in your silk tresses,
those moments we have spent
among the infinite, among the legions
of lovers past and painted of,
written of, never forgotten,
and the joy which only you can give me.

You alone,
my queen on royal throne
in darkest night,
your radiance under my touch
an epiphany.

If I had not held you

If I had not held you
I would not believe that you are real,
or that your small feet could just walk the
earth beside me.

If I had not kissed you,
lip to lip and eye to eye
to my infinities
splitting slowly as the day dies.

If I had not heard your breath in my left ear
late nights as the window crack yawned,
your hands around my waist,
your leg wrapped over mine,
the silence between whispered goodnights
and small kisses on smiling cheeks
to wake with.

If I had not read your soul
line by line in every aspect of your eyes
I would not believe that you exist,
like this, perfectly mine;
the clock strikes out at midnight
and the blue light of the frigid evening
darkens.

Never forget

Never forget
that my love for you is unconditional,
automatically exploding from within.

When you feel so close
it is as though we share a lung,
this breathless closeness we designed
like little outlines round the both of us.

When you make me feel
every single heartstring bow at once
you are my orchestra,
you are the final movement
in a symphony of dreams long without closure.

When I look at you
I feel my shadows slink away
because the day is young,
the cold has gone,
the night can wait a while longer.

Dark eyes

Dark eyes,
like the darkness in my poems
which comes and goes each passing evening
moving dully into morning,
I move dully in the brilliance of your sight
and all the majesty of you.

My majesty,
I concede myself to your dominion.

Your hair, which falls in wild lines
across the light parchment of your face,
over your pitch black eyes
and to your infant mouth, your child's joy
bursting out in secret smiles
meant for me.

You are meant for me.

Hands light as two pale feathers
in my beast's paws, I claw you
and pull you deep into the lair.

I will keep you there,
my fragile thing, beyond words
and understanding, take my rough touch
and my brutal hunger
for what they've always been.

I have always been searching,
that coarse blood thick in my itching veins
running onward to you, through me,
like brilliant light in old stained windows,
once closed, curtained, boarded-up,
now open, I see clearly
how the hunger, the utter passion of my love
is far more dangerous than death
or any other fate from which I'd save you.

The beast in me

Untamed, uncaged,
I am a beast loose in the night,
down the next street,
under the candlelight in a small room
where I absorb you.
My prey falls like a doe beneath my claws,
my razor teeth and fire eyes
spell quiet death, these final moments
when I will leave you heaving your last breath
undressed below the arbor of my love.

Beneath the fury of the assault
there is passion,
a burning in my blood that goes unmatched,
unseen, unfulfilled until I drain you
and watch the sun set in blood red lines
down your spine.
You are mine,
your every sigh a symphony
made from the white noise of my thoughts
mixed with hypnotic colours
I could not describe.
You will collapse at my command
as I dismantle you.

Hungry for flesh in fallen darkness,
I am the shadow in a dream,
the light which does not reach below the bed,
the skeletons kept,
the silence between breaths.
Sacrosanct, my love,
I pull you from the night
like tearing a rose with my teeth,
petal by petal, thorn by thorn,
until it passes.

Absolution

Unlatch me
from the aching in my limbs,
the old dumb want which lingers on
beneath my skin forever.
This cold foreboding terror
turned iridescent lust
erupts in vicious bursts from day to day,
night to night when I am wild,
mad and angry, sad and dangerous.

Untie the chains;
break the cycle or I will hunt you endlessly,
only to bite again and again,
only to win again and again,
my countess, white as an orchid
stained beneath the blood above your flesh.
Through dark woods I'll walk behind you.

Through this madness I will have you
captive as a slave,
my light kisses down your navel
and your eyelashes fluttering with pleasure,
tender gestures as you climax forever
and ever as my doll, my lolita I will hold you
in my cold marble arms while you're asleep,
porcelain skin and little breaths, my feather.

End it for me, or for you
there waits only madness
in the constancy of this,
these debased urges, my raw and primal kiss,
the erotic turbulence built into my body's will
will have you naked, prepared before me
like a feast I eat again and again,
your shaking gasps my absolution, darling.

Centre

The hinges on the door creaked lightly
between the dead echoes of our kisses
in this dim apartment,
nudging the front door closed with a blind foot
as I assailed you with the burden of my love;
the totality of it,
the ferociousness of it,
the responsibility of feeling it
without shying away.

This morning I had to check -
half-awake -
I wasn't dreaming,
as within your forever auburn eyes I saw the
burning constellations
which light the distant worlds of your
universe,
just as bright now as they were then
when you looked back at me and lit up every
valley of my darkness,
a light that's lasted since that moment and
which falls on me still
as both my eyes grow damp with thoughts of you.

I wish that I could bring your body into mine;
your heart and mind could have a home and be
the two best parts of me,
my eternity
I feel you shining in the centre of my soul.

Believe in us

I have felt infinity
in the deep heat of your arms
extending outward and around my captive waist.
I have seen the moon cast its last light
beyond the outline of your face,
your hands in mine
while we share permanence.

I have known love as your dark hair,
your earthen eyes, your tender smile.
I have been to paradise between your kisses
and the careful whispers which I know
more than I hear,
more than I need you to explain
I read your radiant eyes
and see the sun which sets
and rises just for us,
my love, my universe,
my best friend and my angel
both of the morning and the dusk
I'll love you until the ashes fall
from both my hands
and all my bones are dust,
believe in us.

I do not write poetry

I do not write poetry
because I love you.

Because you occupy the space in myself
which those words once filled
I do not need them.

That wanting expanse of laughter which I let
ring out as silence cloaked in sonnet lines
is broken now by the corners of your smile
curving inwardly, the way which only your
smiles seem to

and as I read you, your galaxy eyes,
I see the vastness of the infinite
spread far beyond black words over light
as though there's meaning once again
and that's enough for me.

How I love you

How I love you
is not of breaking hearts in fall upon fall,
or bitter springtime in the nadir of myself
where you gave birth to light
my path has been set forth,
and there my eternity comes beaming
rainbows through the bright core of my sight.

How I love you
as I am falling, as I am fleeting
chance upon chance, like fast asylum
dashed against the rocks of a false homeland
while I cling to you, this bed
a life raft upon seas I can't contend.

How I love you
beyond self or selfishness
or blind obsession
clashing with the surges of my soul,
battering ram bursts into the hard light
of your transcendental heart
I have sung, and sing
and wish the night would fall sooner
than ever it has seemed,
the same old dreams
die in the last pause before I wake,
the same old shakes,
the same old nervous itch
and terrible tick
second by second,
slowly erased to nothing.

How I love you
more than myself,
more than is healthy,

more than I could have known
before I set eyes on you
I did not have eyes,
I did not have life,
I was not born before I met you
my irreplaceable, infinite angel
let's live our lives
as though they've just begun.

Keystone

The keystone of our love is here
within our vulnerable eyes,
yours on mine
and on the waning afternoon light
darkening gently as the day slips by.

Here, in your playful lips
and their recurrent tenderness
as I float onto the bed and you cling to me
just as the strongest autumn leaves will hold,
fall, and revolve once
through the centre of my soul
or by my window.
I'll let you go when the old sun breaks
or when she decides not to rise
but simply glow behind your eyes forever,
so tenderly, your radiant light
falls like a feather from the tail of my dream
as I grow wings and your heart guides me.

Here, in this moment
and the next,
and the next;
in each day that we share
and every one that we have left.

I fell

I fell in love with your eyes first.
The way that I was able to see you
and all of you in just a glance,
your honest irises so beyond doubt
I could not help but know you
and then I loved you
beyond what that word meant,
beyond what I had strengthened myself for.

My old defences made easy ruin
as the autumn fell,
those early laughs and movie screenings while
the weather was still warm.
In just a blink we both fell under
as the year died, as the snow came,
as the sunsets counted themselves up.

I held you closer with each morning
as you became the object of my dreams,
setting aside little corners in my mind
and in my heart
to keep you there, and have you with me,
and let your beautiful soul inside me,
my thoughts ceaselessly of you.

Every smile we have shared is its own universe
my everything, my light,
I love you
more than I have language to describe.
The spell of you, the happiness of you,
my changed life, the infinity
of us, our embraces, those endless gazes
into the depths of your eyes
and every detail there I've memorised.

Maya

When there are no other words
I whisper your name to myself,
half-dreamt at the threshold of my lips
my breath escapes
and forms itself into the shape of you.

I would not be the first
to capture love in words without success,
but I do not need language when you're with me
or even anything except your smile
playing at the corners of your lips
and in your kiss
where I am everything.

Doorway

Loving you has been like opening a doorway
into life,
out of my bedroom into the sky,
out of the clouds down to your doorstep,
I descend and you occupy me
with your tenderness.
Unrelenting tenderness
hidden in every kiss we've shared
and kept forever.

I hold you in my arms, my dove,
my feather light as I lift you like a thief,
claw you, my razor teeth gnawing
the fury from you, your moans
which only I have known
and pleasure you never knew existed
before I existed with you
neither of us reached this nirvana
far beyond you
out into the night which exists only for us.
The night belongs to us.

Dimples in the corners of your smile,
my heart is open as you unlatch every bolt
and we step into the world as lovers.
Until the end we share each other.

Apologies

Slipping into rhyming poetry;
it happens naturally
but can feel a little twee
and I've noticed people like it less than
blank expanses.

With that in mind,
midnight approaches and your sleeping arm is
still resting on mine.

It feels like diamonds against the dirt from
which they're dug,
like a pure white dove
(or some other blank bird)
flying into air that's filled with poison.
It feels like you're too good for me
or far too clean, or far too loving,
or misunderstanding of my stupid,
self-destructive time bomb of a heart.
It feels like I'm the frame
and you're the work of art.
(My apologies.)

It feels like I am finally whole.
It feels like all the pain can be let go now.
It feels like all the air drops from my lungs -
I draw for breath that doesn't come,
I pace the room in nervous circles,
make up lies or false excuses,
blame myself or anyone else I have in mind,
lie in bed and smoke and whine,
all because it terrifies me to my core
to love you.

And now,
even now perhaps in your dreams you are afraid

because the truth is
I was not prepared to meet you
and immediately know that I am with you
always,
completely,
wherever you go,
indivisible as one whole.
My angel, my saviour and my entire soul,
I would spend five thousand years alone if I
could live to be with you.

I'd say

I'd say

stay away from people who will fuck you up,
stay away from the big bad drugs,
stop looking for love because it will find you.
Your potential is your strength
and your weakness when not met.
There are things you don't know yet which will
change everything,
and people in your life you don't owe anything.

Smile when you can, but only when you want to
because putting on a brave face
is a coward's choice.

When you can't speak,
your art can be your voice.
When you can't breathe,
when you have seizures,
when you crave knives or needles,
put yourself inside your mother's arms
and slap yourself;
you're doing well
and all this noise, these people
can't help or do this for you.

I'd say

don't mess this up;
you have some sense but no idea
of how lucky you are.
Keep your word,
don't pretend,
and let friendships end
if they had no good reason to begin.

Your greatest sin is your selfishness,
but there will come a moment -

at a time you least expect it -
when you will meet someone who shows you
who you are.

I'd say
she is not far away,
so don't give up
Alex
you have a lot to live for,
a lot to give her,
and she deserves a man
who isn't torn to pieces.

She deserves a man who knows these truths
and writes them down,
cuts them out with ink and re-absorbs them.
You can have everything
if only you have strength.

I'd say
take your own advice
and go to bed.

Winter

Crumbled green clusters
in the small ceramic bowl,
my mind is normal now,
my spirit immortal in this never-ending
cataclysm of self,
unrest, unruliness, and unhealthy decay
as little by little I change
and again and again
I have the same small doubts
rearrange and fade into another.

You saw me then
now you see something other.
When friends let their best efforts
die under the same porch where that old dog
once hid;
dogmatic silence
as the sound of the last exhale sighs
and the room rises into smoke curls,
dying embers half-reflected.

Dead grey glass as winter lives
new lives not remembered.

Lie

My heart holds secrets
of which I wish that I could speak;
these depressive tendencies
and barely living memories which cloud my day.
The panic attacks
and the cold, brutal thoughts I harbour;
my shattered armour at my feet
retreating from the daylight yet again.

Send help,
I am not well.
I sit in rooms and wonder how in hell
I got there,
this heavy atmosphere which chokes me,
the waves of sickness over me
as I smile and say again that I'm alright.

The coming night will cloak me,
far from putting on a mask
I spew these thoughts onto the page
and burn it.
You meet my eyes but don't discern it,
this pain
which I will keep inside myself forever.

Beyond darkness

The pace of the past,
reversed second hand movements
counterclockwise round the pale mask
which hides the dismal days
I've lived and plead to leave behind.

What is so hard about forgetting
or reliving, or antagonising my own life
to oblique magic.
That which is lost
will linger, that which is found
will detonate singularities
at the centre of my soul.

Let me not be the man you saw
but who you would see,
beneath the awkward eyes
the shy, hurt heart
I am a man.
Looking for light
out of loneliness,
I am a man.

Yet the day has collapsed
so that I see only ruin in the second hand
bent this way and that,
cracked and soon to meet its end in silence.

Night-time lapses of the heart
pull feeble pranks against my soul,
but there I go
being sentimental over again
when the end has all but met us
and the friendships that have left us
burnt tenderly to ash.

This catch-22 of loss
is like a solemn premonition beneath the waves,
this undertow and its incision
shows the lifeline of my soul run outward
through bright waves and silver shoots
of water in blue air beyond darkness.

Beyond darkness there is light.
Beyond darkness there is light.

Depression

I couldn't go outside today,
I was crying too much.

Heaving heavy tears like they were corpses
for the mass grave of my face
which I fill slowly.

There is a darkness coming on
with every morning
and I feel its shadow in the fibre of my skin,
so deep within I cannot help but heed it.

Crying so much that my eyes burn
two red scorches in my cracked desert landscape
with no periphery, no iris and no pupil,
dull welts which close
then open with reluctance.
Dull pain which fades
then builds to something else,
the echoes of my voice
which slowly grow dimmer,
this prison which they call my mental health
dissolving round the ghost within the shell.

It feels like I am dying slowly,
this modicum of light left in my heart
barely illuminating
the fading scars of panic passed.
I asked for what I felt I could achieve
now I'm defeated, the sunrise is white noise,
I wake shaking in the late hours of the night
and wait impatiently
with thoughts of abject suicide
wriggling between my bones
like the worms which soon will rest there.

I am so scared I choke on fear
and gasp for air
where no one else can hear me,
the struggles of my soul pervading the
atmosphere I breathe
while time just leaves me
alone in this last hour of the dead,
the world viewed through the shadows of my
head and deathly sorrow.

Anxiety

Tears in my eyes at evening's end,
I'm feeling older lately.
Sworn to secrecy by secret pride,
I wither slowly in a violent light
escaping past the blinds I draw at midday.

Convalescent in my shame,
my final heartache
and its dreadful resting place.
My eyes red, my teeth chattering no less
I wipe my face and step out of the door
stripped naked.

Heavy pressure on my eyes, my hands are shaking
uselessly at either side, my breathing heavy
in the morning as I meet your wide blank stare.
Shadows warping in the light,
the day unfolds itself like statues that I pass
with muffled mouths that seem to shout,
I am alone in this cacophony of light and
random sound.

As in my soul, as in my secret,
this hissing vaguely in my silence,
split two ways between the evening's song
the day is done, and I am home forever
here, in the abscess of your arms
I find a shelter.

There is a darkness in my blood
thicker than sorrow, thicker than sadness,
thicker than bickering madness
plaguing me from day to day
and yet the song remains the same
and I fall deeper into shadow.

I gather noise
like a hurricane pulls debris to the centre
and revolve slowly through the smoke,
smouldering embers as you choke
and fall madly underneath my spell forever.

My heart is sick of this, tormented antagonist
falling prey to my own tricks.
Deeper down wells of forlorn shadows
I breathe the emptiness,
I am the hollow pressure
pounding at the gateway to your chest.
Anxiety, I'm sick,
terrified beyond my wits
and deeper than you'd ever think to look.
Beyond the obvious, the ominous
innocent man you took and made a symbol,
I am the hatred in your heart
and beyond every mirror
you slowly see clearer.

I pause,
wonder again when I lost
the ability to do it well.
This pretence bids me ill at evening's end,
this ladder of the mind I still descend
deeper into the blue heart of the night
I long have lived through.
The darkness really wants you.

Drowning

People move so quickly that they blur,
going in and out of lives
in ways which still grow clearer as I age.
And I have felt time pass but not like this,
where history is a giant scary beast
ready to hunt me, catching my scent,
chasing down my lazy steps
as I lose sight of shelter.

The past is now a vicious thing,
a dark and dirty thing
I've locked my trauma in and left to fester.

But the day wakes.
The people wake.
Some of them call me,
text me, reach their hands out to me,
and it's like the past is round my neck
choking me to death as I reply.

They say:
leave it behind, leave it right there
where you left it long ago.
You don't need it anymore.

And I reply:
but if I don't need the past
why did I do it
in the first place?
Why do we do things in the first place?
Why do we all share blame and guilt
and other things
we'll soon be asking to forget?

Fighting to make memories
we'll soon want to erase,

I wonder what the attraction is
and why it still persists
when I've learnt better.

I wonder why I lie like this
at 6am,
my woman fast asleep
on the far side of the bed,
thoughts of birth and death
and the shitstorm in-between,
thoughts of passing life
and the bucket lists I laugh at
while the corners of my mouth stay still.

Sometimes I feel my life grow still,
like I am standing in a rising flood
and I can see the debris coming up,
the helicopters, the shouts, the screams,
the people saving people saving themselves
while every sound's on mute.
And I am standing, staring,
still as a totem on the outskirts of town
as though I'm waiting for something to happen.
As though the water isn't rising
but I am falling into earth,
bit by bit, limb by limb,
still as death while no one's watching.

Revelation

There is a solitude
in knowing yourself too well;
there is a silence
like a shroud over my secrets.
These long days kept in my darkness
feel like missed grasps at holding on
to the cold bitter end I have been dreading.

Where was I when my friends grew old?
Locked in dark rooms or lost and stateless,
letting music cloud my senses
while I watched my features age,
the vase's flowers slowly fade
as they suffocate in shallow water.

Long days spent with no response,
no second wind, no better chance
but I lay numbed out on the bed
while the snowflake feathers drift
like the halo round some angel
passing sadly by my window.

This new silence is within me,
so deep it seems unbreakable
and my screams into the night
just do not reach it,
pleading with myself, this never-ending
attempt to keep my demons hidden.

"How do you
feel?"
Sad,
today.
Like the dog has died,
the ghost gave up,
the smiles faded,
and the little things were all too much.

The time ticks down
while I'm in thought again, alone
for the hundred thousandth lifetime
I'll dream away my daylight,
drink away my sunshine
as though darkness has some sympathy for me.

There's no sympathy for men like me
so I crawl beneath the dust and lie there
where only eyeless shadows fester
and the blackness blindly lengthens
until everything is gone.
It's pure emptiness inside,
pure chaos for us now
the seventh trumpet sounds yet I stay silent.

I can feel myself in the past,
the past in myself,
the huge weight of the future hung above me
as I scream out amidst sirens,
throw punches against a brigade of defense
and lose battles in dead silence,
home alone, stoned, sadly with my thoughts
a brash catastrophe
which can only end in death.

There's nothing left.
The passion of the past,
the ease of knowing less,
the comfort of conformity,
normality, now gone
as I am headed nowhere.

Headed homeward drunk as hell.
I'll get there next.
Better or worse
we all burn sometime.

Making love

Finding my love
took more years, more life
than I have language to describe.
The endless longing,
the needless suffering
when somewhere in the world
the treetops rustled
and she nestled in her bed
waiting for my soul.

Making love
in your childhood bed,
the shutters drawn,
the lamps extinguished.

Love, as the bedhead rumbles,
the silence holding us in place,
cheek to cheek, lip to lip,
my irrepressible.

I hold you with such tenderness
you could break at the smallest touch,
you could leave at the smallest whim
and I would be gone with you,
lost without you like a shadow without light.
Without you there's only darkness.

I place you above life itself
with the angels and their endless radiance.

Beast

Like a rough beast I have walked the night
with hunger
because I remember how it feels to love you,
I remember how it feels to hold you, kiss you,
and compel you with the power of my heart.

I am starving for your voice in my ear,
your hand upon my arm,
your eyes which will meet mine
harden, and become diamonds.

I want to consume the essence of you
and never leave you, and be one with you
until the sun dies in the sky
and we are nothing.

I am hungry for you
in a way that I have never known,
my lioness, my conquest
I will assail you with a force beyond control
and you will know that I adore you
through the kisses which I plant
and the roses that bloom from your burnt skin,
turning red and white before my eyes as you
flourish forever.

Yours

I do not know how others fall in love
or how they feel when their eyes meet,
parting lips to plant a kiss upon the other.
All I know is what I feel when you are here,
as before my eyes my every dream is manifested
and I know that yours is the last hand that I
will hold,
yours is the last word that I will hear,
yours is the last mark upon my heart and it
will always stay there.

Inevitably you have become a part of my soul,
where I have kept the little things,
the secrets that go beyond my reach;
your scent in the air,
the sunlight on the ceiling
making quiet patterns,
the songs we sing together,
the jokes we make
and your laugh that fills me up,
our walks along the tree-lined avenues,
my arms around your waist,
cupping your breasts with my hands,
sharing your breath while we are closer than
it's possible to be,
in days both past and yet to come
hand in hand, lip to lip
I break at the mere mention of your name
as all my love comes bursting from me,
straight to you, to every future waiting
where my heart is yours forever.

I do not know how else to love you.
I do not know how else to live
than to live by you,
with you,

surrounded by you
like a cloak against the cold,
a shield
against cruel arrows that would mark me,
a warmth within my blood
which gives strength to me.

I see the echoes of my eyes in your eyes,
the imprint of your heart on my heart,
the all-consuming power of my love
bursting from my chest with violent light
you do not shy away from,
and you do not let me down
except to whisper in my ear
things which I had never dreamt would happen
have come from your bright soul
like bold sun rays which end the night
leaving only us and endless daylight.

Darling

Darling,
I have poured myself into you like raindrops
over glass
obscuring the dark and dangerous night,
where beyond the candle glow
there is only darkness.
Your hands in mine,
the burnt sienna of your skin
wrinkling as your eyes absorb me,
your smile overthrows me
and I am lost within your light.

You have taught me how to get through life
without pretending,
opened my heart to dreams
I'd never dreamt of having
long years I doubted I would meet you.
Heavy tears for every time I've hurt you,
my love I would die to keep the shadows from
your doorstep
and fight every demon with my teeth and fists
and fury until I defeat them.
It makes my blood so hot, like fire runs
in vicious rivers through my body
alight at the thought of you, the threat of you
vanishing as if you had just been a dream.

After all.
After all the pain there is now light,
to my surprise and my unending gratitude
there is a star to guide me,
there is a future for me
and she is brighter than the sun,
larger than the galaxy
even as she rests at my side,

my blessed life
which continues without ceasing
would have no meaning without Maya.

I have pinched myself and woken from my
sleep to find you
and I cannot believe that you are there,
your slender arms beneath your head
resting on the sheets we bought
and share together
these long days I forget to appreciate
and hate myself for ever losing.

There is something inside you
which can't be found
anywhere else I've ever looked,
and I have searched beyond the stars and
into blackness and then back.
I can't define it
or make sense of how it feels,
this radiance you emanate so meekly,
this tenderness you have
which goes outside me,
expanding far into the air around us.
I share your breath as we kiss words into
the other's heart,
I love you darling
as no poem could ever tell
beyond myself or any other,
there is only you, under your spell
where I will gladly live forever.

The world

All the women in the world
and my tunnel vision circles round you
like a halo,
my angel there is light in you
and it is brighter than a thousand suns,
a thousand supernovas bursting in your eyes,
beyond my life, beyond our lives together
there is something eternal in this love,
going far beyond either of us,
far beyond the pale glass I stare through
long flights to meet you,
long days without you,
feeling incomplete without my soul.

No one else would understand the language in
your eyes;
it is mine, it is for me, you are for me
and I will be yours forever
in this embrace we hold across continents
and oceans deeper than dark thoughts
dreamt before I met you.
Now I am better, stronger,
in a mad dash
for the straightest pathway to you,
and I will get there
beyond our kisses into the rest of time
where together we will never die.

Finding you, my lily, my rose,
my amethyst lighting up the room around us,
you glow and I lift you from the earth
like treasure.
I kiss along your navel,
your neck,
your collarbones like marble etched

into the shape of a dream I had for years
before I believed in you.

Before I met you I knew nothing.
I felt nothing.

You took my hand and led me into my own heart,
into my own soul
where you are queen,
beyond myself or anything.
There is so much light now
I squint and fear the shade but cannot find it,
though I fall beyond forever
you are blinding, guiding my way
as we navigate the world together.

Joy

So sweet,
so innocent
as I came into your life like a thief
wanting your heart for my own,
coveting your love for myself
when I saw what you could give me.

Suspended in the whirlwind of my thoughts
you've lived weightless for so long,
taken through the storm right to my centre
where the stillness stops revolving,
the noise quits all its moaning
and it's you and I at last,
hand in hand while the air moves past.

My little dove, my flower
blossoming into a woman day by day
I see your smile and your eyes both change
in subtle ways, turning sadder yet again
as all the pain comes pouring in
and I can't stop it.
I can't heal it, or feel it for you
so you don't have to,
and I collapse under the weight of wanting
things to change,
to have you smiling and laughing as we laughed
on better days.

You will laugh like that again.

You have not lost me
for while you breathe I have reason to breathe,
while you hurt I cannot help but hurt,
where you walk I will follow,
and while you struggle

I will carry you through darkness
to the light side of the globe,
the patch of sun which burns on just for us
where there is trust, a deep connection
built in both our eyes to tell me this is fate.

Tell me what could replace
the intuition in my heart
which says I've found the one who waited,
the one who knew someday I'd make it
dragging my last strength along the road.
The one who gives me joy for days
as I attempt to memorise her face while staring
deep into those eyes with hidden depths which
no one could dive into
and no one ever tried to,
for no one else had loved you when we met.
I turned around and had no chance,
a single glance, some little words were said
and that was that,
now I cannot turn back because I love you.

The joy leaps to my mouth and from both eyes
as I caress the little rings I bought on the
best day of our lives
and hold visions in my head of wedding dresses,
better days, warm Los Angeles,
children's toys and big adventures
across the world, through our lives
and to the threshold of the end
where we'll both step forward
in peace together,
lip to lip, hand in hand, you and I like this
forever.

All of my heart

All of my heart.
All of the sadness and mad dashes
through the darkest parts of my soul.
All of the strained strength
and battered down defences against the
starkness of my life
and the richness of what you offer to me,
just there
frustratingly within my reach
there is a dream I dreamt so long it's blurry
hidden in tormented fury
taking all of my heart,
I love you.
I love you.

I love you so much
I cannot breathe without you.
That any doubt which others cast upon you
seems laughable,
improbable,
simply wrong when I look at you
and see a woman with my future in her eyes
and endless demons in her life
which I would fight forever
if only they'd strike me.

So much I give all of my heart.
I forsake all love that passed
and which goes now into my darkness,
the years which I spent blinded
and cloaked in armour made of lies,
rivers of filthy poison wine
I drank and died and then you found me.

And you hold tightly
in the cold winter night when I am tear-soaked
you are so close your breath will warm me
during dreams I'll see your face and smile
my face pressed into the pillow,
your arms tightened all the while
round my heart which bursts with life
and purpose just for you.

Strength

Halfway across the country
here, to you
yet I am alone in this bed
while you sleep over there
a dazed and unkempt mess
I attempt to console
as my pillowcase grows wet
and the darkness rears its head.

You are not well
my little angel,
my crippled animal in a cardboard box
with holes punched in and some water in a cup,
I don't know how to heal this cut or stitch
this wound for you.

I don't know how to take my love and send its
strength through you.
In deep commiseration
and consoling convalescing
I hold your hand with tender gestures
and brush my lips on you,
my frail feather
plucked from the tail of a flightless bird.
Confined to this small bed
you are my everything.

Take my love and use it as best you can.
Your strength will come
and bring the smiles I remember
lightning the apartment
like the sun belonged to me,
flooding every moment
with emotions I had dreamed

but would never have believed
without first seeing
and I have seen infinity
through the gateway of your eyes.

Saturday morning

The sun is out,
a cold Saturday morning
showing her feathers
like a peacock in deep heat.

One or two birds have braved the snow
and landed gently on the twigs which replaced
branches stripped of leaves,
long limbs that could be dead
if not for springtime.

Sparse traffic on the roads
and spare snippets from the sidewalk
while the world slowly wakes up.
The day will grow momentum
and soon we'll all be spinning with each other,
dancing the same ritual dance that each new
light affords us.

I drank a little too much last night.
Met a friend, talked about time,
stumbled home in squiggly lines,
made love and then lost consciousness
as my woman held my hand.
Now I write poetry in the dark
while I wait for her to wake
to another long, strange day
with all the struggles, ups and downs which
somehow always find me.

Time will do that to you,
and the past will happen again and again.
It's like the game is rigged,
the record skipped
and you are static
while your illusion crumbles.

Don't forget the sun will rise
whether you're ready or not.
Whether you've made plans or not
something else will make them for you.

Time is like a pervert catching us sitting
on the john,
watching
while we struggle with our pants and slam
the door.

Just keep writing

Just keep writing
I say to myself
as all the cheques from books I haven't sold
and heights I've never reached are cashed.

Just keep writing
though only a handful will ever read you
and there is no poetry on printing presses
anymore.

Just keep writing
against the pretensions and expectations
and pseudo-intellectual connotations
of the thing which makes your heart
break open most.

Just keep writing
because it is as easy as speaking,
because without it you would scream
nonsense into the silence
and quickening madness.

Just keep writing
because it is the only thing
which you can't help but do,
which you can't fail to feel,
staying awake that ten minutes longer.
Long enough to jot down another one of these
little pieces of yourself,
and in the morning you read them
and remember that at least there's always
this.

Thoughts

No space for thoughts
on these streets, cloaked with memories
like a crash where there is blood
and glass and all the glistening.
Timid thoughts, angry thoughts,
thoughts which make me want to cut them out
I hate them so much.

The phone rings and I don't answer,
the door knocks but I don't rise.
My head full of small bits of life
torn apart and pieced together
bit by bit, the sellotape catching in the sun.

No time, no time to face this
fire without some ash within my blood.
The smoke, the liquor,
the disconnected dreamer who can't sleep,
who can't eat, who can't see.

No space for thoughts but space for poetry.
Bad poetry, old poetry,
written a thousand times and where's it got me
if not the same direction.

If not the same journey
what's the difference
anyway?

Stars

The light has that early morning clarity
shining pale blue over the snow.
The treetop twigs,
the river of ice that's partly melted,
the roads empty as a gym behind a bar.

Empty as a crowd when every song's the same,
every sentiment's the same.
The same girl,
the best girl,
the missing girl
we are all waiting on.

It feels like waiting on the future.
It feels like waiting for myself to change
while knowing better.
Knowing sense without believing,
knowing shame without remorse,
hatred without anger,
anger without violence,
sadness without dying.

But I have cried my share of tears
and done my share of lying in the dark,
my back to the cold mattress as I stare
up at the ceiling
and pretend that I can see all of the stars.

Closer

Fingers of light slowly lose grasp
on the cliff-edge horizon looming vaguely
through the distant blur
as day by day the clouds move
into time-lapse waltzes,
dancing through a sky I struck with gold
and red flames burning, dying warmth
I feel fading after long days dead
in hazy spaces shared with all those dreamers
I've dreamt of living, dying,
breathing
the same fire that they breathed
until it burns me
into embers.

Night clutches at my neck as I crawl inward,
cold little lashes from the air above my skin
as all these days end
before they seem to
start,
this dying art of poetry,
this feeble-minded lottery
I've counted losses for so long.
Midnight's kiss lingers
like a lover playing games,
the heavy air, the pregnant pause
which mothers nothing,
the violence in my core while others speak
because I burn like few men burn,
as in my heart,
as in my heartache,
as in the desperate want I have for life
and death,
and all the unspeakable frustrations
I can see will never find resolve.

There is something in my soul
the words won't ever reach,
the explanations won't amount to much,
which can't be touched.

There is something I can't name
behind my mask of feeble bone
whose torment is the gift I'm given,
as long as the poem is written
sadly as the evening holds me closer.

Alexander Wright is a poet and mixing/mastering engineer from Australia. Born in 1993, he spent the majority of his childhood in Melbourne with a couple of significant periods spent living in France and Fiji. After leaving high school at 16, Alexander underwent a long period of treatment for mental illness. This culminated in his successful application to Berklee College of Music (Boston, MA) in 2016. Alexander currently lives in the United States with his partner Maya.

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Front photograph: Philip Wright
Back photograph and design: Alexander Wright

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